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PUBLISHED BY THE CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION OF THE MIDDLE WEST AND SOUTH
WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION OF NEW ENGLAND
AND THE CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION OF THE PACIFIC STATES

Volume XII

JANUARY 1917

Number 4

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of the Pacific States

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THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL

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Editorial

GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH

We gladly give editorial space to the following article on "Extension Work in Latin" by Mr. Robert E. Cavanaugh of Salem, Indiana. The paper was read and discussed at the Classical Section of the Indiana State Teachers' Association in October last, and speaks clearly and forcibly for itself upon the various points presented.

The present demand for the "vocational subjects" in our public schools is a matter of much concern to many of our teachers of Latin. This demand is a legitimate one, and, when the problem is more clearly worked out, the place of Latin as one of the valued subjects for study in our secondary schools will remain as secure as it ever was in the past. *The great need today is better teaching. We must have teachers who know their subject and believe in it. If such teachers are available, Latin will need no defense.*

A few years ago any man who could use a handsaw could get a job as a teacher of manual training. School administrators were anxious to introduce courses in this subject along with agriculture and domestic science, in order that their schools might be listed as "progressive." Such procedure necessarily resulted in slipshod work that failed to give any training of real value. The demand now is for trained teachers in these subjects. They must "saw to the line" with precision and intelligence. They must not only know their subjects, but their interests must extend beyond the limits of the material with which they directly deal. We cannot afford to demand less of Latin teachers. They must "saw wood" in their subject, and they must be in the front rank as scholars with the true professional spirit.

We need a better method of reaching the more isolated teachers of Latin while in the service. They should have the advantage of using the latest material brought out for use in the classroom, and they should receive the benefit of all the encouragement that is available for the teachers in the more favored communities. The classical sections of our various state teachers' associations are always well attended and the programs are usually good. Too often, however, we attend such meetings, listen attentively, approve the suggestions made, and then return to the old rut without any real effort to profit by what we have learned. Some classical sections of the state teachers' associations of the Middle West have appointed committees to represent them in an effort to bring about co-operation between the public schools, colleges, and universities of their respective states. Such co-operation can, without doubt, bring about improvement in the teaching of Latin. Among the ways in which the teacher can thus be aided are the following: (1) by encouraging more mutually helpful relations with the *Classical Journal*; (2) by co-operation with local Latin clubs; (3) by stimulating the use of lectures, lecture material, lantern slides, package libraries, and other helpful aids to the teacher in the service; (4) by distributing information in regard to experimental work done by Latin teachers.

The *Classical Journal* should be taken and read by more teachers. The paper itself could be improved if the teachers were provided with an agency through which they might register some constructive criticisms. Is it not true that this paper prints too many long articles and neglects the real problems of teaching? If so, the teachers are to blame. Every institution depends upon the opinions of its constituency for its successful existence. The opinion of one isolated person is worth little, but the concerted action of many acting through a committee whose business it is to serve the teachers of a state may be mutually helpful.

City, town, and other local clubs composed of Latin teachers can accomplish much in fostering the proper professional spirit and they can also stimulate a feeling favorable to Latin as a subject for study. It is evidently true that only a small percentage of Latin teachers are profiting from such organized work. In many communities such clubs are carrying on some interesting and profitable study, but the good work should be extended on a broader scale.

We must look to our normal schools, colleges, and universities for leadership in forwarding extension work through lantern slides, lecture material, package libraries, correspondence courses, and other such agencies. Much good work has already been done along this line in some quarters, but the movement is only in its infancy. The classical sections of our various state teachers' associations through organized effort should make such material much more accessible to the rank and file. A wealth of material is being prepared by the Latin departments of all the best

higher institutions and, thanks to the generosity of the leaders in the work, most of it is available for the general good. Our organized efforts should be devoted to bringing this aid to the teachers who need it most.

Latin teachers may mutually help one another by giving publicity to their methods and experiments that have been successful. A study of the comparative scholastic achievements of students electing Latin with those who choose some other subject is always illuminating and very generally encouraging to Latin teachers. Our success with a good Latin play would, if passed on, be an encouragement to others. The result of an experiment in reading some text other than Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil in high school would be welcomed by teachers who feel the need of a change in the work of their classrooms. The material of this kind that has appeared in our various educational journals has been valuable, and it is the duty of our teachers' organizations to render assistance to the teachers who may be able to work out suggestions that will be welcomed by their fellow-workers.

We do not need to decry the new subjects that are finding a place in the courses of study that are being adopted in our best school systems. They have a legitimate place in our scheme of education. We are spending too much time in the needless defense of Latin as a fundamental in education. When Francis Bacon wrote, "For they [subjects] teach not their use," he stated the truth, and it is doubtful whether argument along this line is really effective. *The thing we need is better teaching of the subject.* If we can find thoroughly interested teachers who are prepared in the fullest extent of the word for their responsible work, the "knockers" will be left without an issue on which to wage their campaign. Extension work of various kinds should be utilized in improving our teaching service.

Upon some of the points raised by Mr. Cavanaugh we wish to make further comment. And first, Amen! to the suggestions (1) that more mutually helpful relations should be cultivated between classical teachers and the *Classical Journal*, (2) that the *Journal* should be taken and read by more teachers, and (3) that its published material should meet more exactly the needs of its readers.

As to the first two points, surely there is room for progress when only some twenty-five hundred out of many times that number of teachers of the classics appreciate and use the help afforded by the *Journal*, and support it by their own active help and encouragement. The vogue of the *Journal* can undoubtedly be increased by increased activity among our state vice-presidents, for in every

state, however well canvassed already, there are a large number who have not yet been brought to an interest in the Classical Association and its journal. But more effective than all activities of vice-presidents would be the enthusiastic recommendation, in season and out, of both association and *Journal* by those teachers who have already proved the value of these for their own needs. Why not double our membership? This would be easily and quickly done if each present member thought enough of his own privileges to induce some other teacher of the classics to share these with him.

As to the third point raised by Mr. Cavanaugh, its justice must be frankly acknowledged. The *Journal* is not ideally fitted to the individual needs of its many classes of readers. This is readily seen to be due to the fact that there *are* many classes of readers. No one article would appeal with equal force to all these classes, for while some would like the material offered to be preponderatingly of a practical and pedagogical character, others would want this to be of decidedly an opposite sort. The only way to meet all desires would obviously be to have two or even three journals. But, aside from the obvious practical difficulties involved in this plan, it seems to us that it would be disastrous to the best interests of all our teachers. For no grade of teachers can afford to be indifferent to the problems and interests of other grades in the same subject. Progress lies in the line of unanimity of interests. Let there be a common journal for all grades, and let all read all from cover to cover.

But the editors of the *Journal* have aimed, so far as available material would allow, to give something in each number of especial interest and value to each class of its readers—something of practical help in teaching, something of a literary value in connection with Greek and Latin authors of more general interest, something of the general educational problems and discussions pertinent to our field, something also of a more technical nature, which our recently enlarged volume naturally justifies.

But after all, in so far as Mr. Cavanaugh's third point remains unanswered, the *Journal* is sincerely anxious to find the answer. How can it be of greater value to its readers, and more completely meet their needs? Teachers themselves, individual teachers all

over the country, must furnish the answer to this question. Will they? Will they take the trouble to write to the *Journal* telling what in particular they have found helpful and what in particular they have missed? It occurs to us that for a journal in its twelfth volume we have had surprisingly little contact with the great rank and file of our readers, have heard surprisingly little which would enable us to know, except as silence gives consent, whether in truth the *Journal* was the organ of its association. We shall be glad to give space to all such constructive suggestions as those of Mr. Cavanaugh's, and feel sure that a general voicing of opinion on these matters of our common interest would result in a marked improvement in conditions.

But the point in Mr. Cavanaugh's paper upon which we wish to place especial emphasis is that which he himself emphasizes again and again—that *good teaching of a subject is the best defense of that subject*. Never was truer statement made. In the midst of our elaborate and numerous arguments in defense of the classics, which, as Professor Nutting is pointing out, are too often presented with such varying emphasis as to give the impression to the outsider that we cannot agree as to our own defenses, we do well to see clearly and to remember that no subject, of whatever value, if taught from a background of a lack of knowledge, skill, or interest, any or all, will commend itself to the public; whereas a subject of any intrinsic value (not to push to the opposite extreme), if taught with knowledge, skill, and interest, need offer no other excuse for being, for the results will speak for themselves before that court before which we must all stand for judgment—our students. To meet favorable judgment here our course need not be easy, it may be as solid and serious as any; but above all things it must not be dull, it must not be stupid, it must not mark time. Terence spoke wisdom long ago when he made Geta say: “Nil est quin male narrando possit depravarier”; and the same is true of teaching. So far as its standing in the public mind is concerned, at the last our subject stands or falls with us; we make or break its reputation by our own treatment of it. It is useless to defend it if we ourselves betray it. It is equally needless to defend it by arguments if we glorify it by our teaching. Good wine needs no bush.

FROM ROME TO FORMIA ON THE TRACK OF
HORACE, *Satires* i. 5.

BY KATHARINE ALLEN
University of Wisconsin

Many of us no doubt have vaguely dreamed of a journey along the Via Appia (and such supplementary roads as the conscientious archaeologist may demand) in the genial if ghostly company of the fifth Satire of Horace. But most of us must be content to make acquaintance with but a few miles of the "Queen of Roads," and these in such disconnected fragments as to recall the satire of Lucilius rather than of Horace, trusting to an uncertain future for the opportunity to unite these separate bits in one continuous progress and laying to heart meantime the admonition of the poet-philosopher himself:

Quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
adpone.

It was the fortune of the writer in the spring of 1914 to become acquainted for the first time with two such fragments of a *disiecta via*. One of these, easily accessible to walkers of moderate ability, was a part of the section that lies between Rome and Ariccia (near modern Ariccia), Horace's first stopping-place.¹ As he says nothing of this part, noting not even Bovillae, the first regular station on the road according to the *Tabula Peutingeriana* (now represented most nearly by Le Frattocchie), an apology is perhaps needed for counting an experience here among Horatian reminiscences, especially as the direction of our progress was the opposite of that taken by the poet, and the whole episode belongs rather in the realm of pure delight than of literary history or archaeological research. But as an encouragement to the spirit of adventure, than which nothing wins ampler reward, it may briefly be recorded.

¹ *Egressum magna me accepit Aricia Roma.*—Hor. *Sat.* i. 5. 1.

The tram returning from Albano to Rome follows the ancient Via Appia as far as the *fermata* of Le Frattocchie, where the Via Appia Nuova digresses from it at a blunt angle. This new road the tram follows. Not so the ambition of the classical pilgrim, to whom the call of the old road—faint undulating lines running from tomb to tomb into the unknown distance—is as the call of the sea to the coast-born. It is a call to which vibrate not only the chords of classical association, but the hidden fibers of remote adventurous ancestors as well, and when the tram, proving to be a *diritto*, runs past the forking of the roads, there is a sense of irreparable frustration. But a little beyond the fork there is a siding where the tram waits for that from Rome to pass. Here, to slip to the ground, disregarding the remonstrances of puzzled motor-man and disapproving companions, and thus, as Ennius might have put it, “frustrate the frustration,” needs but a moment of thought and a small degree of quasi-youthful agility. *Facilis est descensus*, and to walk six miles on the old road, to the Tor di Selce, and thence by some convenient crossroad reach the railroad station of Capanelle, in time for the 7:24 train for Rome, seems in the glamor of the moment a simple plan. Only when the tram, trailing clouds of prophesied disaster, has disappeared in the distance and the step has become irrevocable, is the certain uncertainty of any knowledge as to the whereabouts of crossroads and stations likely to recall the other half of the Vergilian quotation.

In the late afternoon of a day in May the classical memories associated with Bovillae are not reassuring. The thought of approaching twilight is not made more cheerful by recollections of the murder of Clodius; the ghosts of the Julian *gens*, of which Bovillae is said to have been the cradle, are likely to be one's only fellow-travelers during the hours of darkness; and should morning find the wanderer still on the Campagna, no “Anna of Bovillae” is likely to provide hot cakes for breakfast, as that one of whom Ovid writes did for the plebeians at the Mons Sacer. For us, however, such considerations did not mar the enthusiasm of the start, nor did the fact that in lieu of a path across the fields to the ancient road there was only the dried bed of a stream to follow. The eye could trace the serpentine course of this gully by the bushes that

bordered it to the point where it seemed almost to abut upon one of the great grass-grown tombs beside the road, and we plunged into it without further consideration. The channel was shallow at first, but grew deeper as we proceeded, and the banks and bushes rose so high that the landscape was entirely shut from view. Only by rising on tiptoe could the first impression be confirmed, that our winding path did without doubt "lead to the tomb," a fact most opportunely proclaimed aloud by the tallest member of the party at the moment when the possibility of myriads of malarial mosquitoes in the rank vegetation through which we floundered had flashed for the first time into the minds of some of the more wary.

Emerging from the deep lane of the stream, we stood on the Via Appia and entered upon an experience that stands out unique and unsurpassed among many classical adventures, not for incident or "educational value," but for marvelous beauty of earth and atmosphere and the charm of a certain immeasurable remoteness. We were in the most solitary part of the Campagna. On all sides the crumbling masonry and the shapeless grass-grown mounds, whether belonging to distant aqueducts or to tombs or villas close at hand, spoke only of human life extinct. The lonely shepherd driving home his sheep was rather of Vergil's day than ours; the long-horned cattle belonged in the fields of Cato. Two thousand years had rolled away; the few miles of country that lay between Le Frattocchie and the Rome that centers about the Quirinal were multiplied by as many hundred, and the Via Appia, set free from imprisoning walls and from the activities of modern life that encumber and cheapen it near Rome, took on "that remoter charm by thought supplied," and, followed by the eye and the imagination into the dimness of each distance, could be realized in its full and majestic significance as the pathway from sovereign Rome across the mountains to the eastern sea and the gateway of the Orient, and the pathway from the present back into the "immemorial past."

From the east, where, as we looked back, the rugged outlines of the tombs were blurred against the sky and plain, and the rolling fields and the hills that rose from them lay pink and lavender under a glow of golden light, we were "stepping westward" into the setting

sun. In front, against a brilliant sky, the tombs stood hard and black, marking the way to the Tor di Selce, that rose on the horizon above the rest, with the low sun gleaming through a solitary window. At times the stones of the ancient pavement peered from the tall grasses that grew between them. At times the road could be traced only by the troughs and billows in the green, where infrequent wagon wheels had left their trail. The silence was absolute, and the peasant that we met passed softly and mysteriously as a being from another world. And as the shadows lengthened and the mists began to rise, the light on the hills, growing ever more wonderful and more unearthly, seemed to sweep downward across the plain, till sky enveloped earth and both were merged in one translucent sea.

The spell was broken when the Tor di Selce was reached and the anticipated crossroad proved to be the only unreal thing of the vision. Neither was cart or carriage of any sort in sight. But a friendly shepherd boy, opportunely emerging from behind a tomb, became our guide, and under his protection we cut across the untrodden fields while the blazing eye of the Tor di Selce grew dim and darkened, and a chill as if from thousands of hidden sepulchers seemed to rise about us from the sun-deserted earth. From the patronage of the shepherd we passed to that of a band of jovial revelers in a wayside osteria, and a succession of more or less disreputable cicerones, under whose voluble but random advice we began the pursuit of a *stazione di ferrovia* that combined the characteristics of the rainbow's end and the will-o'-the-wisp. The *Antica Osteria*, the *fermata* of Capannelle, the *stazione* of Campo Ippico—we were handed on, as it were, from one to another of these, till at 7:21 precisely a railroad station at Capannelle proved after all to be more than a figment of Mr. Baedeker's imagination.

The other section of the Via Appia explored was that between Terracina and Formia. Circumstances did not admit of making a personal acquaintance with the part between Ariccia and Terracina, but here the railroad trip is so delightful in itself and embodies so many of the features characteristic of the other, that it offers a fairly satisfactory substitute and an interesting and appropriate introduction to the next section.

The Campagna, sweeping around the base of the Alban Hills, reaches southward between the Volscian Hills (the Monte Lepini) and the sea, to lose itself in the Pontine Marshes, which, technically speaking, extend from Foro Appio (about on a line with Sezze), for some thirty miles, to Terracina. The width of this stretch of level land varies from six to eleven miles. Once graced by 24 flourishing cities, if we may believe Pliny, through lack of cultivation and drainage incident to the long succession of wars between the Volscians and the Romans, this region, practically from the beginning of authentic history, has been a pestilential marsh, rivaling in deadliness and in beauty the Etrurian Maremma.

The Via Appia, after passing through the valley of Ariccia, the *mansio* where Horace halted first, after leaving Rome, skirts the slopes of the hills in varying relations to modern highways, leaving Civita Lavinia to the right and Velletri to the left, and, descending gradually to the plain, runs almost in a straight line to Terracina. Parallel in a general way with the mountains and the coast, it cuts through the heart of the lowlands—*Pomptinos via dividit uda paludes*, Lucan says of it—somewhat nearer the mountains than the sea. There were in ancient times, according to the Antonine and Jerusalem itineraries, four stations between Ariccia and Terracina: Ad Sponsas, Tres tabernae, Forum Appii, and Ad Mesas (modern Mesa). Horace records stopping at only one of these, Forum Appii, where he abandoned the road for the supposedly more comfortable mode of travel by canal boat, and spent the night memorable for noisy frogs and noisier boatmen, bad drinking water, and teasing gnats.¹ This part of the road seems always to have been difficult to keep in good condition, and many well-known names are associated with its repair—the emperors Vespasian, Nerva, and Trajan, with others of later date. Pius the Sixth, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, was last in the line of restorers, and his road and the accompanying canal, the Linea Pia, are still in use.

The railroad more wisely, and surely with no less beautiful a pathway, keeps close to the hills. Their vine-grown slopes and

¹ . . . inde Forum Appii,
differtum nautis, cauponibusque malignis.
Hoc iter ignavi divisimus.—Hor. *Sat.* i. 5. 3.

turreted walls of glistening gray rock rise often almost directly from the track, upon the left. Little towns line the valleys and perch upon the ledges, and ancient citadels and castles cling about the higher rocks—Norba, Norma, Sermoneta, and Sezze—

pendula Pomptinos quae spectat Setia campos—

where Lucilius in his ante-Horatian journey is supposed to have spent the night to avoid the discomforts of Forum Appii.

Sometimes thick woods cover the lower slopes of the hills, and valleys open from them, threaded by streams, some of great name, as the Ufens and Amasenus, which contribute their shares to the general inundation of the land below.

On the right is the wide-reaching plain, Campagna and marshes blending imperceptibly, limited only by the sky and sea, till far away to the south Monte Circeo takes shape from the mists of distance, "lonely as a cloud" and as ethereal. Across the marshy land run countless watercourses, natural and artificial, in which is gathered part of the superabundant water, which in these channels creeps slowly toward the sea, sometimes with a fall of less than 1:1,000 for many miles. In the spring the herbage is of an intensely vivid green, streaked and splashed with flowers of other hues no less vivid. Cattle graze in the drier districts, and herds of spirited half-wild horses bound through the bushes as the train approaches. The human population is sparse, even in the working season, and human habitations are confined for the most part to the hills. Here and there a spot of duller color or an angle in the level sky line indicates some venerable monastery, a shelter hut, or perhaps an osteria on the ancient road, miles away toward the sea. At one point a walled town, Ninfa, stands in the marsh almost across the line of the railroad, giving promise from a distance of abounding human life. But, illusive as a derelict at sea, it shows from close at hand only the empty shell of a city, overgrown with flowers and creeping vines, and long since abandoned by mankind to the frogs and the victorious mosquitoes.

The journey by rail does not lack incidents that recall the Horatian route. The leisurely waits of the train at quiet little stations bearing the names of towns three or four miles away,

vertically if not horizontally, are tuneful with the voices of the *ranae palustres* that suggest the Forum Appii of Horace. In this land of ooze and murky streams it does not need a chemist to induce the traveler to wage the war which the insalubrious drinking-water of that place forced upon the poet,¹ and the best bedroom of the best hotel at Terracina is ready to provide mosquitoes, even in early May, as inimical to sleep as the insects that infested his quarters on the boat.²

Shortly before reaching Sezze the train runs through a valley behind a spur of the hills that separate it from the marsh, and not far beyond the point where it emerges from this valley to skirt the marsh again is the site of the Grove of Feronia,³ where Horace tells us that he disembarked, washed face and hands in the waters of the spring, and again betook himself to the rough pavement of the Via Appia. Here too the traveler on the train finds himself, if not upon the ancient road, yet looking out upon its battered tombs and familiar polygonal pavement from close at hand. For the old road and the new, after their long separation, enter Terracina almost contiguous to each other. The white little town, Martial's *candidus Anxur*, lying slantwise along the gray cliff, flashes into sight as the train rounds a curve.

Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur

is Horace's description of it, but his commentator Porphyrio takes pains to explain that the rocks are not white, but are called so from the lime obtained from them.

This cliff, the Monte St. Angelo, extends the range of the Volscian Hills to the sea, while the main line of the hills turns inland and, following the coast beyond Terracina, sweeps in a great crescent around the bay of Fondi.

Terracina was Terracina, or rather Tarracina, long before Horace's time, and his adoption of the Volscian name of Anxur is probably due to the exigencies of meter. The conspicuousness of

¹ Hic ego propter aquam, quod erat deterrima, ventri indico bellum.—Hor. *Sat.* i. 5. 7.

² . . . Mali culices ranaeque palustres avertunt somnum.—Hor. *Sat.* i. 5. 14.

³ Ora manusque tua lavimus, Feronia, lympa.—Hor. *Sat.* i. 5. 24.

its site was frequently emphasized by the Roman poets and gave additional effectiveness to its strategic position at this angle of the great road, where it blocked the approach to Rome from the south. Literally as well as figuratively the town has traveled downward with the stream of time. The citadel was on the summit of the Monte St. Angelo. The early Volscian settlement and the Roman colony clung somewhat lower along the cliff and gave rise to the mediaeval city; the port attaining great importance in the imperial era and the most modern part of the town, founded by Pius the Sixth, lie on a narrow strip of low land between the cliff, the marshes, and the sea. Livy recognizes both parts, speaking of it once as *loco alto situs* and once as *urbs prone in palude*.

The new town, commonplace, hygienic so far as the climate will allow, with well-paved streets and squares that in their names reflect the Risorgimento, and with its façades of white and yellow stucco, might have been taken bodily from certain quarters of Rome or Naples. From this glaring modernity the dark and narrow streets of the mediaeval town run inward and upward through a confused jumble of brick- and stone-work, dominated by the castle and cathedral. Often a fine Gothic window or doorway or a carved stone cornice stands out among the common masonry, and the brick campanile, with its three rows of windows supported on slender marble arches, has the beauty of others of its kind in Italy. Through the incrustation of the Middle Ages fragments of the ancient Terracina, here a column, there a bit of a frieze or a capital, emerge. The cathedral of San Pietro e Cesareo embodies parts—notably the columns of the portico—of the ancient temple of Rome and Augustus, and faces an open square, which was the Forum in Roman days, and still preserves in large letters set in the pavement the name of A. Aemilius A.F., who appears to have been a sort of architectural Maecenas to the town. Most impressive of all the relics of antiquity, the great arches of the substructures of the temple of Jupiter Anxur, look down from the seaward end of the cliff 700 feet above the plain.

On the other side of the town runs a wide canal, the scene impartially of traffic and laundry-work, and scattered huts of thatch stand almost in the swamp. Past them the beach curves to the

base of Monte Circeo, according to the Roman tradition the home of Circe. That "idle pause about the place" noted by Washington Irving seems still to persist here, amid the drifted sand and the sluggish waters, when the summer sun beats down upon that "sea without flux or reflux," and the magic mountain of the enchantress shimmers in the heat. But in the streets of the town there is teeming and vociferous life. When the cool of evening falls, and in the early morning hours, a stream of people seems to be always traveling the modernized Via Appia, which passes around the cliff where it meets the sea, to make its way thence as the main-traveled road to Fondi, Formia, and Naples. The first route of the Via Appia had been over the inland end of the Monte St. Angelo. This was its course when Caesar made the journey from Brundisium to Rome which Lucan traces:

Iamque et praecipites superaverat Anxuris arces,

and without much doubt was the one used by Horace. But sometime in the early empire its course was changed, presumably to avoid the difficulties of the ascent and descent. The face of the Pesco Montano, the great column of rock which stands like a sentinel at the end of the Monte St. Angelo, was cut away 120 feet straight downward to make room for the road between the mountain and the water. Numerals carved by the Romans at intervals of 10 feet on the rock are clearly legible today. But this part of the road was closed again in the Middle Ages, and, like the section on the Pontine Marshes, owes its restoration to Pius the Sixth.

Separated from the cliff by hardly more than the width of the road, and from the sea only by its own garden, abounding in roses as ancient Paestum, stands the Albergo Reale della Posta, where we put up on our arrival at Terracina. Our quarters were in what was originally the main part of the establishment, but is now a sort of dependence. It is a somber, mysterious building, with spacious marble stairways and enormous bedrooms named for the chief cities of Europe—Londra, Parigi, Venezia, etc. Before the hospitality of these metropolitan rooms could be enjoyed, however, Monte St. Angelo was to be climbed and dinner eaten, the latter likely to involve no less of adventure and hazard than the former, if recollections of a previous visit were to be trusted.

Recalling the route chosen by an intelligent street-sweeper who had served as guide on that previous visit, we ascended the rock by its shortest but steepest elevation, guessing at the path, if path there were, scratched by brushwood and slipping on rounded boulders, while the sun, though already low, was reflected from the rock with tropic intensity.

But an arduous climb could hardly attain a richer reward. Here, if anywhere in the world, were the *edita . . . templa serena* of Lucretius, his untranslatable *otia dia* and the home of his idle gods—soundless and windless, wrapped in cloudless ether and “glowing in lavish light wide-spread.” Terracina on the slope below was a mere impressionistic picture of a town; a streak of gray showed the course of the Via Appia, 700 feet below, and the canals ran as rivulets of fire straight from the setting sun across the dark level of the marsh. Monte Circeo loomed like a featureless island, from the *aequora* of blending sea and land, and the Volscian Hills rolled away spreading east and west in unbreaking purple waves. To the south were a sparkling sea set with nebulous islands and “all-but islands,” and sinuous coast lines, and between the coast and the hills the plain of Fondi, where in a setting of dark verdure the Lago di Fondi stretched its irregular arms across the land. Nothing was lacking and much was added to the picture of this region sketched by Martial:

O nemus! O fontes! solidumque madentis harenae
litus, et aequoreis splendidus Anxur aquis!

while Gaeta, far away to the left, and Monte Circeo to the right, were the “nurse of Aeneas” and the “daughter of the sun” that he glorifies equally with “white Anxur” in another epigram.

All about indeed seemed to be spread the texts of ancient poets and historians, illuminated beyond the skill of mediaeval scribe. Where the Lago di Fondi approaches nearest to the hills was the pass of Lautulae, a miniature Thermopylae in configuration and in the possession of hot springs, which, according to tradition, gushed forth there to block the way for the enemies of Rome in one of the Samnite wars. Between the lake and the sea lay “Silent Amyclae,” more silent now than when its Pythagorean principles forbade it

to destroy the serpents which, as Servius tells us, invaded it from the marsh and annihilated it.

Among the islands that lay against the southern horizon was Pandataria, which has gathered a melancholy fame from the women of the imperial blood of Rome for whom it has served as a prison—Julia, the daughter of Augustus; Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus; and the young wife of Nero, Octavia, “than whom no other exile brought deeper pity to the eyes of all who saw her.” To the east as to the north the Via Appia reached into the distance. Along this eastern arm of the road in the year 20 A.D., unconscious that her future prison lay so near, came Agrippina with her cortège, bearing the ashes of Germanicus from Brundisium to Rome. “Tribunes and centurions carried the urn upon their shoulders; before them moved the standards, unadorned, and the fasces turned downward toward the earth, and as they passed through the towns that lay along the route, the people clad in black and the knights in purple-bordered garments burned fabrics and incense and performed other funeral rites, according as the wealth of each town would permit.” And down the road from the north came Drusus and Claudius and the children of Germanicus, to meet the funeral train at Terracina and escort them back to Rome, where the senate and crowds of weeping people thronged the road as they approached.

Nearly half a century later, in the year of the three emperors, the troops of Vitellius coming over the inland end of the hills to the rear, from their camp near the grove of Feronia, poured down upon Vespasian's garrison in Terracina, “to murder rather than to fight,” as they cut them down “unarmed or arming.”

It was from the landward end of the ridge that our descent was made by a route longer but less steep than the ascent had been. From a wilderness of bushes and crumbling walls we emerged upon the steeply rising Via Appia of pre-imperial times. The light was growing dim as we stepped out upon the ancient road, a dog was barking furiously, and a peasant woman, whose stalwart figure and majestic carriage were worthy of Hecate, passed with a *buona sera* that belied her air of superhuman dignity and disappeared down the road between the weather-beaten olive trees and tombs.

The dinner that awaited us at the hotel proved that in culinary matters Terracina had made marked progress in the five years that had passed since our former experience. The *suppa marina*, however, especially recommended on the menu, was without doubt a lineal descendant of that partaken of by Washington Irving's travelers in his "Inn at Terracina." The "black sea" had not paled, and the "livers and limbs and fragments of all kinds of birds and beasts floating like wrecks about it" had merely evolved or consolidated into a few good-sized fish, equipped with their full quota of fins, tails, gills, and eyes.

In the dependence a single light was burning in an upper room. Aside from this there was no indication of other guests than ourselves. Escorted by an aged dame whose words were not the more intelligible because unimpeded by the "barrier of the teeth," we groped our way from the chilly, unlighted stairway to "Paris" and "Venice," chilly, too, and dark as their namesakes have since become by night. It was at Terracina, Horace's fourth stop, that his party was joined by Cocceius, Fonteius Capito, and Maecenas. If their modern counterparts were at Terracina, they were lodged in the hotel across the way, and their conviviality observed so strictly the *aurea mediocritas* that its echoes did not reach our ears above the sound of the waters lapping on the sandy margin of the garden. But somewhere near the water's edge a group of human figures, gesticulating and assuming fantastic attitudes, stood out black against the light of a blazing bonfire, and obliterated Horatian reminiscences with visions of those brigands and pirates for which Terracina and all its neighborhood were notorious not so many years ago. Brigands and pirates—even smugglers—these mysterious figures may not have been by daylight, but by night they were nothing else.

In the carriage-house which occupied much of the ground floor of the Albergo Reale, certain curious vehicles had been noticed. They appeared to be of a hybrid species in which traits of the country diligence, the old-fashioned New England chaise, and the Quebec calèche were recognizable. The thought of a twenty-mile drive in one of these next day aroused mingled feelings of interest and apprehension. But the equipage that stood before the door at

7:30 the following morning was of a conventional modern type, disappointingly without local color.

The ultimate goal for this day's trip was Formia, whence we must return to Rome by rail. But Fondi (ancient Fundi, one of the regular *mansiones* in the Roman times, and Horace's fifth halting place) was the first town along the route. As far as this and a few miles beyond, the old Via Appia is in use or closely followed. After passing around the Pesco Montano, it first keeps to the shore of the gulf; then, as the hills recede, leaving an ever-widening area of level land between themselves and the water, it skirts their bases. These hills are steep and often bare and rugged, but the plain on the right of the road is a vast garden, interrupted only by the marshy expanse of the Lago di Fondi, which lies so low in the vegetation that if it had not been seen so clearly from the height the night before its extent could hardly have been guessed. At the time of our journey the flax was in blossom and we passed fields of almost dazzling blue. The gardens in places grew quite up to the road's edge. There were blossoming orange and lemon trees, olive trees and vines, and an occasional cypress. Little stucco houses, pink or white, with quaint outside stairways, stood amid the green, and about them chickens and pigs and goats, donkeys, and oxen of the color of mice mingled in a promiscuous democracy worthy of the first day on Mt. Ararat. The road was not lonely of human life. Brigandish peasants passed, bestriding donkeys far from brigandish; sturdy women girt about the head and neck with kerchiefs of brilliant orange and light yellow that recalled the "butter-and-eggs" of country roads at home; and occasionally a diligence, loaded with a ponderous freightage of miscellaneous humanity, enveloped in a cloud of dust. If it was the dust of travel that forced Horace to anoint his eyes at Terracina,¹ there must have been a repetition of the process at Fondi or Formia.

The Via Appia in the midst of this vivid life was yet pre-eminently a street of tombs. Though fewer and far more ruinous than in the vicinity of Rome, they still proclaimed to the traveler the dominance of antiquity. The majority of them were so far

¹ Hic oculis ego nigra meis collyria lippus inlinere.—Hor. *Sat.* i. 5. 30.

demolished as to lack all individuality. But one, the most perfect, still showing eight or ten courses of carefully cut stone and part of a cornice, is assigned in popular parlance indiscriminatingly to Cicero's daughter Tullia and the emperor Galba, who, according to Suetonius, was born in one of the numerous Roman villas on the hills in the neighborhood of Terracina. Another, somewhat modernized, stands near the Naples boundary, known as the Epitaffio, and one nameless pile near Fondi is unique because of the solitary cypress that springs tall and straight from its core.

More prominent in the landscape, though not so numerous as the tombs, were "those towers that speak of piracy and corsairs," sturdy and square, with spreading bases, heavy bracketed cornices, and windows small and few. Soon after leaving Terracina we passed the first of these, the Torre Gregoriana (now a *villino*), jutting out from the road into the sea, like a lighthouse. The Tor del Pesce, farther on, stands near where the older and newer branches of the Via Appia unite, and the Torre della Portella, built against an arch which spans the road (the ancient pass of Lautulae, at this point), once marked the boundary between the States of the Church and the kingdom of Naples.

These towers of vigilance and defense did not always serve their purpose, and from the heights on one side and the sea on the other brigands and pirates, century after century, made merry in the countryside. Even walled towns were not exempt, and the notorious Barbarossa, in 1534, would have stolen from Fondi its countess, Julia Gonzaga, had it not been for the timely approach of Ippolito de' Medici from Rome.

Although Horace found no worse pest at Fondi than the vain-glorious town official with the purple-bordered garment and the censor, and his favorite Caecuban wine was native to the district just across the lake, he was glad to leave the place,¹ and one can easily imagine sharing his feelings on the subject. But we hurried, halting only for a few minutes, through the narrow central thoroughfare, the Via Appia metamorphosed into the Via Appio Claudio,

¹ Fundos Aufidio Lusco praetore libenter
linquimus, insani ridentes praemia scribae,
praetextam et latum clavum prunaeque vatillum.

—Hor. *Sat.* i. 5. 34.

between rows of high, quaintly irregular houses, with glimpses down side streets of houses still more quaint, and passed out through the ponderous eastern gate, with the regret only that we had not more time to give it.

Beyond Fondi three miles of rather uninteresting country had to be traversed before the road began to ascend the mountains, which here, again approaching the sea, bar its direct course. Near the beginning of the ascent the modern highway, on which those who drive must depend, leaves the old road to follow, after the usual manner of Roman roads, the more direct though steeper route on the right of the winding gorge, the Valley of St. Andrea, that leads up into the hills, and itself takes the left. The valley is so narrow that from the new road it was easy to follow the old with the eye. Sometimes its course was marked by a bridge, sometimes by substructures built for its support against the hillside. The gorge twisted upward among rounded rocky hills, covered with low green growth in many parts, but mostly bare of trees. For some distance one could look back and trace the old road and the new, first two white streaks, then one, down into the low plain and back to where the white streak broadened into the white walls of Fondi, but later the curves interfered with all distant views. Occasionally ruins of human habitations were passed, dating indefinitely into the past, but there were no pink-and-white farmhouses to brighten the gray monotony of the rocks. The gaily kerchiefed women and the "beneficent brigands" had remained in the plain below, and only one pedestrian, clad like the landscape in sober neutral tints, passed and repassed our slowly climbing carriage.

At the summit of the pass the town of Itri stretched diagonally along the hillside directly in front of our road. Itri was the birthplace of the robber Michele Pezza, better known as Fra Diavolo, and looks the part—at least when approached from the shady side, where no high lights relieve the forbidding grays and browns of its fortifying walls, which seem to grow out of the living rock.

Beyond Itri the descent began, and the new and the old roads again united. An ancient milestone stood beside the road at one point, half built over by a modern wall, and another had been

placed upon a pedestal near where the new railway had apparently come into collision with it. Certain stones, too, set in walls along the way looked suspiciously like ancient paving stones, and it seemed more than a vagrant fancy that traced in some of them, as may be done in similar walls near Rome, the ruts worn by the wheels of Roman vehicles.

The downward slope became steeper as we advanced, the hills receded, and the panorama of Gaeta and Formia with the glittering sea between lay far below. Martial's burst of enthusiasm must have been called forth by some such scene as flashed upon us here:

O temporatae dulce Formiae litus!

hic summa leni stringitur Thetis vento
nec languet aequor, viva sed quies ponti
pictam phaselon adiuvante fert aura
sicut puellae non amantis aestatem
mota salubre purpura venit frigus.

Almost as many classical reminiscences enlivened this view as that from the heights at Terracina, nor was variety lacking in them. On this coast lived the Laestrygones, "countless in number, not like men but giants," with whom Ulysses had his disastrous encounter, and hither from the sea came the invincible pirates that gave Pompey the opportunity to become the Great, and justify, though late, the ominous utterance of the Formian cow, *Roma cave tibi*. Formia was the family home of the "spendthrift Mamurra," whose sweetheart, uncouth of features and of speech, Catullus has unwittingly immortalized, and of the Lamiae. On the hillside near Formia was a favorite villa of Cicero, and the shore below was the scene of his tragic death. The great tomb assigned to him by tradition loomed in the field to the right of the road as we approached the town, and it was the Via Tullia in which the Via Appia lost its identity and between whose towering buildings we drove as through a canyon. The *Ristorante Cicerone* and the shop of a certain M. Scipione flew past, and with clatter of hoofs and cracking of whip we drew up in front of—"The Modern Hotel!"

The comfort of this hostelry is well attested, but the kitchen of Horace's *Capito*¹ would better suit its environment in the *Albergo*

¹ Hor. *Sat.* i. 5. 38.

della Quercia. This charming inn, so close upon the water that fish might almost have been drawn in by a line flung from its window, as in Martial's quarters at Formia, offered rest and refreshment at tables spread beneath the great oak tree from which it takes its name. The breeze blew fresh but soft from the "purple fan" of the sea, and the laughter of the waves mingled with that of a trickling fountain in the courtyard. The welcome shade and quiet after the long, dusty drive gave point to the verse with which Horace ends the record of this part of his journey:

in Mamurrarum lassi deinde urbe manemus.¹

For us the stay was only of a brief half-hour. But the weariness was less than the exhilaration, and the overnight hospitality of a Murena was craved only for the opportunity it might have given for further yielding to the *Wanderlust*.

¹ Hor. Sat. i. 5. 37.

CONCERNING CAESAR'S APPEARANCE

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Julius Caesar's appearance is described or alluded to exceedingly seldom in classical literature. As one of these few references and by far the most important, Suetonius' description (*Iulius* 45) will always be read with the utmost interest. He says: "Fuisse traditur excelsa statura, colore candido, teretibus membris, ore paulo pleniore, nigris vegetisque oculis . . ."

What is meant when Caesar is described as *ore paulo pleniore*? It is with that question that this article will deal.

These words appear without change in all manuscripts, as far as known to me. The translation most frequently given is: "a somewhat full face." To this the not unnatural objection has been made that Caesar's face, as represented in coins and sculpture, was far from full. In fact, most characteristic of his appearance as represented on coins were "die mageren, fleischlosen Wangen."¹ Besides, Plutarch² describes him as τὴν ἔξιν ὦν ἰσχνός, and, as Bernoulli has observed,³ while full faces are indeed conceivable with thin bodies, yet they are out of the ordinary. To suppose, on the other hand, that his face was full in his youth, but became thin and emaciated later in life, does not seem reasonable, for we find Suetonius in the same sentence, when discussing Caesar's health, carefully indicating the difference between an earlier and a later condition.⁴ Gruter, Burmann, Oudendorp, Baumgarten-Crusius, and others sought to overcome the difficulty by asserting that what Suetonius meant was merely that the face was full "in comparationem reliquorum membrorum." That hardly seems to be the case; so this attempt must fail.

¹ Bernoulli, *Römische Ikonographie*, I, 151.

² *Caes.* 17: "of a spare habit."

³ *Römische Ikonographie*, I, 149.

⁴ "Valitudine prospera nisi quod tempore extremo repente animo linqui atque etiam per somnum exterreri solebat."

Many scholars, therefore, have abandoned the interpretation "full face" and translate instead "full (i.e., large) mouth" or "full lips." Drumann, for example, declares: "Nur eine zu starke Fülle der Lippen störte das Ebenmass."¹ As between these two interpretations Bernoulli² points out that the evidence of coins favors the former.

The only other explanation that I have noted is that the words refer to speech. Baring-Gould³ effectually disposes of this suggestion when he says: "This is not possible from the context. The passage relates to the personal appearance of Caesar."

Nowhere, however, have I noticed any citation of passages to support any one of the several views. I have therefore gathered together all passages that could be found wherein the expression *plenum os* occurs; while there must, from the nature of the case, be many omissions, yet a consideration of those found will not be without value. They are as follows: (1) Incerti Auctoris *Origo Gentis Romanae* 20. 4; (2) Juvenal x. 232; (3) Pliny *Nat. Hist.* viii. 22 (34). 84; (4) Pliny *Nat. Hist.* xxxiv. 8 (19). 81; (5) Lucan vi. 272; (6) Juvenal xiv. 138; (7) Petronius 127. 1; (8) Cicero *De off.* i. 18. 61. Of these eight the first four refer to the mouth (of a bird, animal, or boy) filled with food or air; the fifth passage refers to the full mouth of a river, and the sixth to the full mouth of a bag. The words in the passage from Petronius⁴ are merely an extension of the common expression *plena luna*;⁵ there is, however, considerable similarity here to the meaning "full face" proposed for the words in Suetonius, though we have by no means an exact parallel. The eighth citation⁶ does not support any one of the three interpretations "full face," "large mouth," "full lips."

There is, therefore, really no exact parallel in the examples cited for any one of these interpretations. But we find in the

¹ III², 661. It is interesting to observe the astonishment indicated in the second edition at Drumann's assignment of full lips to Caesar.

² 149.

³ *Tragedy of the Caesars*, p. 43.

⁴ "Ut videretur mihi plenum os extra nubem luna proferre."

⁵ Cf. e.g., Cato *De agricultura* 37. 4; Varro, *Res rusticae* i. 37. 1; Caesar *B.G.* iv. 29. 1. So too Seneca (*Medea* 788) uses *pleno vultu* of the face of the full moon.

⁶ "Ea nescio quo modo quasi pleniore ore laudamus."

Scriptores Historiae Augustae (Trebellii Pollionis *Divus Claudius* 13. 5) an expression that will serve to justify one of them; there, in the account of the emperor's appearance, immediately after *oculis ardentibus* come the words *lato et pleno vultu*. Clearly this means "a broad and full face," and it is a sufficiently close parallel to justify *ore paulo pleniore* in the sense of "a somewhat full face." For the other two translations no authority has been found: *os* may be the mouth, of course, but, when termed *plenum*, it is described as "filled with something," with something, too, that is directly named or easily implied. For the meaning "full lips" no parallel has appeared.

Until, therefore, parallels for the other interpretations are found, we are forced to accept the words, if at all, in the sense "a somewhat full face," and close our eyes to the discrepancy between such a statement and Caesar's appearance as far as known to us.¹

Accordingly, owing to this divergence between the facts and the words ascribed to Suetonius, some of the earlier scholars proposed to emend the passage. Graevius suggested *ore pallidiore* or *paulo oblongiore*; Lipsius, *ore paulo depeniore*; and Heinsius, *ore paulo leniore*. The last reading had suggested itself to me as the correct one before I found that it had been proposed by Heinsius. In spite of the fact that the reading has already been suggested, it seems to me worth while to advance arguments in support of it, especially as I know of no scholar who has accepted it.

It is, first of all, worth noting that in the descriptions of the eleven other emperors Suetonius mentions the expression of the face five times;² of the six biographies wherein the expression is not alluded to, four are short ones, viz., Galba, Otho, Vitellius, and Titus. Moreover, three of those wherein it is mentioned follow immediately after the biography of Julius. Had this life, therefore, been lost, the statement that it had probably contained

¹ Suetonius gives us no help in the interpretation of these words, as the only passage at all approaching this one is *Dom.* 18: "vultu . . . ruboris pleno." Here the genitive is found, however, which makes the passage worthless from the standpoint of the interpretation of *plenus*. For the same reason Cicero *Pro Murena* 24. 49 is of no assistance.

² *Aug.* 79. 1; *Tib.* 68. 3; *Cal.* 50. 1; *Vesp.* 20; and *Dom.* 18. 1 and 2.

a mention of Julius Caesar's expression would have been readily accepted.¹

Os in the sense of expression is frequent in Latin.² Suetonius employs it twice elsewhere with this meaning, *Dom.* 18. 2 and *Vit. Vergili* 29.

Accordingly *ore paulo leniore* could readily be interpreted as "with a rather kindly expression."

Paleographically, the change is a simple one. The *p* beginning *paulo* was merely repeated at the beginning of *leniore*, this being the easier on account of the great frequency of the word *plenus*. Parallels may readily be found in the manuscripts of Suetonius.³

The combination *paulo leniore* is found in the same order, though with a different meaning, in *Caes. B.C.* 2. 24, and in the reverse order but with the same meaning in our own author, *Aug.* 65. 3.

Caesar's clemency is, of course, frequently alluded to, and *lenis* is an epithet often applied to him. Thus Suetonius (*Iul.* 74. 1) describes him as *et in ulciscendo natura lenissimus*. There are quite a few other passages where *lenitas* or *lenis* is used with reference to him.⁴ Caesar himself (*Bell. Afr.* 54. 2) speaks of *meae lenitatis, modestiae patientiaeque*,⁵ and styles his demands at the beginning of the Civil War *lenissima*.⁶ And, most striking of all, in the famous letter announcing to Oppius and Balbus his policy of clemency,⁷ he uses the words: *ut quam lenissimum me praeberem*.

¹ So also in describing Charlemagne, Einhard speaks of him as *facie laeta et hilari* (22).

² Cf. e.g., *Cic. Verr.* iii. 80. 187; *Tacitus Annals* i. 43; xiv. 16; xvi. 32; *Gellius* i. 19. 8; and *Horace Epistles* i. 6. 8.

³ *Iul.* 39: *edidit spectacula; edidit espectacula*; *M. Tib.* 4: *deinde functus; deinde defunctus*, GR. So too many believe that in *Lucretius* ii. 1174 *capulum spatium* should be read for *scopulum spatium* (of O), and in vi. 421 *plurimaque eius* for *plurimaque plus* (of OQ). In *Prop.* iv. 1. 146 the reading *persuasae fallere rima* is transformed in O to *persuasae fallere prima*.

⁴ *Bell. Afr.* 86. 2 and 92. 4; *Cic. Pro Ligario* 5. 15; *Pro Marcello* 4. 12; *Vell. Pater.* ii. 35. 3; and *Cic. Cat.* iv. 5. 10. Cf. also *Cic. Pro Marcello* 10. 31, and *Phil.* ii. 45. 116.

⁵ Cf. also *B.G.* viii. 44. 1; *B.C.* i. 74. 7; and *B.C.* iii. 98. 2.

⁶ *B.C.* i. 5. 5.

⁷ *Cic. ad Att.* ix. 7c. 1.

Facial expressions are described as *alacer*,¹ *laetus*,² *benignus*,³ etc. In Suetonius' *Vita Vergili* 4 *miti vultu* is found. *Lene* is, as far as known to me, not used elsewhere with *os*; yet it is used of the expression (*frons*) in Seneca *Ben.* ii. 13. 2, its meaning being made absolutely certain through *humana* and *placida*, which are also employed there.

At this point the objection may be raised: "Granted that *lenis* is an appropriate word and the change easy paleographically, what evidence have we that Caesar's expression was kind?" In reply the evidence derived from sculpture will be considered first, and then that derived from literature.

As to the first, in order to avoid seeing what may really not be present, the descriptions will be quoted from the accounts of others.

T. Rice Holmes⁴ says of the Caesar portrayed in the bust in the British Museum: "He is kindly and tolerant: . . . and mild inexorability is apparent in the expression of this man."

S. Baring-Gould,⁵ in discussing a statue of Caesar (?) as Hermes in the Louvre, says: "The face lacks that kindliness and sweetness . . . that are so noticeable in the portraits taken in later life." Of the statue in the Berlin Museum he declares: "The expression is kindly," while of the basalt bust at Berlin he says: "There are wonderful strength and energy in the head, mingled with gentleness and kindliness." In the British Museum bust he also finds that "there is a wondrous expression of kindliness, sincerity, and patient forbearance with the weaknesses of mankind in the face."

Bernoulli in his comprehensive work on *Römische Ikonographie* discusses carefully the various busts and statues purporting to represent Caesar, and describes each.⁶ Of the face of the colossal head in Naples he says: "Eine bedeutende Physiognomie von mildem aber gebietendem Ernst," and he declares of the statue in the Conservatori Palace at Rome: "Die Formen und der Ausdruck des Gesichts stimmen ganz mit dem Neapler überein."

¹ Tac. *Annals* iv. 28.

⁴ *Caesar's Conquest of Gaul* (1911), p. xxiv.

² Tac. *Histories* iv. 81.

⁵ *Tragedy of the Caesars*, p. 41.

³ Val. Max. vii. 8. 9.

⁶ I, 145-81.

No. 56 in Bernoulli's list¹ is thus characterized: "Ein edler Geist und eine milde Gesinnung, verbunden mit mächtiger Willenskraft, sprechen aus den tiefersten Zügen." Of the head in the British Museum Bernoulli says: "Es ist ein schöner, wirklich caesarisch anmutender Kopf, in dessen Gesicht ebenso grosse Schärfe des Geistes als Milde der Gesinnung ausgeprägt ist." In the basalt bust in Berlin he sees "auch der mit Freundlichkeit gepaarte Ernst des Ausdrucks."²

Bernoulli, to be sure, starts with the expectation of finding an expression of "Freundlichkeit und Milde,"³ but he does not hesitate to mention other expressions when he finds them in the busts.

But since "there is not in existence a single bust of which it can be said, with absolute certainty, both that the sculptor intended it to be a portrait of Caesar, and also that either Caesar sat for the likeness or the sculptor had personal knowledge or an authentic likeness to guide him,"⁴ we must turn for surer evidence to the hints scattered in the literature.

Plutarch (*Caesar* 4) informs us of Caesar's affability of manner, and Cicero's realization of the shrewdness of character concealed beneath Caesar's kindness and cheerfulness.⁵ If, however, Plutarch is to be trusted, he gives us a clearer picture of Caesar's expression in *Cicero* 39, where he is discussing the effect of Cicero's

¹ A toga-clad statue in the Berlin Museum (No. 295).

² It is but fair to note that Spon, *Utilité des médailles pour l'étude de la physiologie* (quoted by Eugène Talbot, *Oeuvres complètes de l'empereur Julien*, Paris, 1863, pp. 263-64), finds no trace of clemency in his countenance; moreover, W. Warde Fowler (*Julius Caesar*, p. 19) believes the expression of the face as represented in the marble in the British Museum to be "keen, thoughtful, and somewhat stern."

³ P. 176.

⁴ T. Rice Holmes, *Caesar's Conquest of Gaul*,² p. xxii.

⁵ . . . πολλή δὲ τῆς περὶ τὰς δεξιώσεις καὶ ὁμιλίας φιλοφροσύνης εἴνοια παρὰ τῶν δημοτῶν ἀπήντα, θεραπευτικοῦ παρ' ἡλικίαν ὄντος. ("Much good-will came to him from the plebeians on account of his friendliness in greeting them and in intercourse with them, since Caesar was inclined to court others to a degree that was quite beyond his years.")

. . . τὴν ἐν τῇ φιλανθρωπῳ καὶ ἰλαρῷ κεκρυμμένην δεινότητα τοῦ ἥους καταμαθὼν Κικέρων εἶπε κ.τ.λ. ("When Cicero saw the shrewdness of character hidden beneath his kindness and cheerfulness, he said," etc.)

These passages of themselves hardly justify Drumann's words: "[er] hatte . . . schwarze lebhaftige Augen mit einem Ausdruck von Wohlwollen und Heiterkeit" (III², 661).

speech for Ligarius upon Caesar: ἐπεὶ δ' ἀρξάμενος λέγειν ὁ Κικέρων ὑπερφυῶς ἐκίνει καὶ προὔβαινεν αὐτῷ πάθει τε ποικίλος καὶ χάριτι θαυμαστός ὁ λόγος, πολλὰς μὲν ἰέναι χροᾶς ἐπὶ τοῦ προσώπου τὸν Καίσαρα, πάσας δὲ τῆς ψυχῆς τρεπόμενον τροπὰς κατάδηλον εἶναι, τέλος δὲ τῶν κατὰ Φάρσαλον ἀψαμένου τοῦ ῥήτορος ἀγώνων ἐκπαθῇ γενόμενον τιναχθῆναι τῷ σώματι καὶ τῆς χειρὸς ἐκβαλεῖν ἔνια τῶν γραμματείων. Τὸν γοῦν ἄνθρωπον ἀπέλυσε τῆς αἰτίας βεβιασμένος.¹

To turn to evidence contemporaneous with Caesar, we find Cicero (*Pro Deiotaro* ii. 5) thus addressing him: "in tuis oculis, in tuo ore vultuque acquiesco." Most important of all, however, is the passage in Cicero's *Pro Marcello* iii. 10, also addressed to Caesar: "te vero, quem praesentem intuemur, cuius mentem sensusque et os cernimus, ut, quicquid belli fortuna reliquum rei publicae fecerit, id esse salvum velis, quibus laudibus efferemus!"²

In other words, we must picture to ourselves an expression on Caesar's countenance that revealed his desire to bring safety to all who had survived the actual warfare. What expression could that have been save one, as Wolf says,³ "ex quo summa bonitas elucet et clementia"? Such is the expression seen in so many of the busts of Caesar, such is his expression when hearing Cicero defend Deiotarus, such at times is his expression when listening to the words of Cicero in behalf of Ligarius, and such is the expression with which he grants pardon to Marcellus. What more fitting epithet to apply to that kindly expression than the one used so often by others about Caesar and which Caesar himself was proudly conscious distinguished him from other victors in civil wars?

¹ "But when Cicero had begun to speak, he moved Caesar greatly, and as he proceeded in his discourse, which appealed to the various emotions and was extraordinarily beautiful, Caesar's countenance changed color repeatedly, and it was clear that all the emotions in turn dominated his spirit. And finally when the orator touched upon the struggles at Pharsalus, Caesar was violently affected, his body shook, and he dropped some tablets from his hand. At any rate, under this constraint he freed the man from the charge."

² W. Y. Fausset (*Cicero: Orationes Caesarianae*, Oxford, 1906) comments as follows on this passage: "Whose mind and thoughts we see reflected in your face, how you wish." *Ut* explains *mentem sensusque*, with which *os* must be taken closely."

³ In his comment on this passage in his edition of *Pro Marcello*.

ON THE TEACHING OF CICERO'S ORATIONS

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The writer was once called upon to visit a certain school in which Latin was taught by a young woman who had had the best of training and whose work now needed to be appraised. The sad plight of the Cicero class still lingers as an unpleasant memory. The work of the hour was opened by an exercise in "reading the Latin." This lasted about twenty minutes. The students gave undivided attention to quantities and accent, making no apparent effort to follow the meaning. Then followed a truly lamentable attempt to translate the assignment, supplemented by such thrilling questions as "Who were the consuls of the year 79 B.C.?"

After the class was dismissed, when asked whether as much time as this was usually given to "reading the Latin," the teacher replied proudly: "Oh, yes, we usually give more time. For Professor Blank, you know, taught us that a Latin passage is not really learned until it can be read intelligently(!) in the original." This illuminating answer makes unnecessary any further comment on that part of the work; but some remarks may be in order regarding the teaching of "history" in connection with Cicero's orations.

On the occasion mentioned above, when the weighty question about the consulship of 79 was put to an unresponsive class, the teacher glanced apprehensively at the visitor (who, by the way, was himself somewhat apprehensive that the question might come round to him), and then, beating a tattoo with her pencil, she eyed the pupils reproachfully and exclaimed "History, class! History!"

It seems almost incredible that a teacher who had had the benefit of a good course of training could be guilty of such suicidal folly as this; and yet the remedy is not to be found so easily as one might suppose. The maker of the textbook feels constrained to supply even unimportant details in the notes, in order that they

may be complete; and the young teacher may feel it necessary, as a matter of policy, to hold the students responsible for anything stated in the notes, fearing that these will be little read unless the class is examined upon them all.

We can hardly blame the author of the text for wishing to make his notes "complete"; nor is it his fault that the publisher, who has an eye to the bulk of the volume, requires that the notes be "brief." But, without stopping to settle the question of the duty of author and publisher, or even to debate whether it is wise or unwise to attempt to hold a class responsible for everything stated in the notes, we are quite safe in saying that the notes of the average edition of Cicero's orations either slight or omit altogether matters of live interest to the students. How is this supplementary material to be supplied? As matters now stand, if supplied at all, it must be supplied by the teacher. How is the teacher to acquire the information? Why, by private reading, of course.

Here is the crux of the whole matter. Teachers of Cicero, how many of you have read Cicero's speech for Murena? No, I am not going to ask for a show of hands—that might be embarrassing. Yet the case of Murena is interlocked at every point with matters pertaining to the conspiracy of Catiline. In the first place, on entering upon the duties of the consulship in the year 63, Cicero had caused a new law to be passed against the bribery of voters; the penalties already were heavy, but Cicero's law added the drastic provision that officials found guilty of securing their election through bribery should be banished.

This law was aimed at Catiline, who was preparing to run once more for the consulship. It was hoped that, even if he were elected, he could be disqualified and banished by legal process. The speech for Murena (24. 48 ff.) gives interesting glimpses of the turmoil preceding the election, and of the contumacious and threatening character of Catiline's behavior in sessions of the senate. It describes, too, the dramatic scene on election day—how Cicero, as the presiding officer, went down to the election wearing a corselet under his robe, and how, when he disclosed this fact (thus showing that his life was in danger), the voters rallied to the support of conservative candidates, thus dashing Catiline's hopes once more.

The men elected (D. Junius Silanus and L. Licinius Murena) were candidates whom Cicero himself was backing. Up to this time Catiline's future plans were a matter of uncertainty, and it was very agreeable to Cicero to have elected to the consulship of 62, men on whom he could rely. But now one of the other candidates who "also ran," sore over his defeat, invoked against Murena Cicero's own law, claiming that Murena's election had been secured by bribery.

Here indeed was the irony of fate; the law passed as a precaution against Catiline was now to be made a weapon of offense against Murena—the man on whom Cicero relied to carry "his policies" on into the following year. It was in the period of suspense and uncertainty that elapsed between the departure of Catiline from Rome and the appearance there of the ambassadors of the Allobroges that Cicero was called upon to defend Murena. The whole situation bristles with points of interest.

Every teacher of Cicero should read *Pro Sulla*; and parts of *Pro Caelio*, *Pro Milone*, and other speeches are of great interest in their bearing on the conspiracy of Catiline. And what shall we say of the treasure-trove of Cicero's uncensored letters? Any teacher who is unfamiliar with this wealth of material would do well to secure forthwith a copy of a good selection like Watson's and set to work upon it at once. We need not stop to speak of other Latin authors here, except for a single reference to Sallust.

On beholding a new speech in Sallust's *Catiline*, a bright boy once said "Oh, this is another of Sallust's 'tailor made' speeches, is it not?" The criticism implied in this question is, of course, in the main just. But, whatever the critics may say, the speeches which Sallust attributes to Caesar and Cato on the fateful nones of December deserve very careful study. That the main drift of Caesar's remarks is correctly represented by Sallust is attested by Cicero's discussion of the same in *In Cat.* iv. Moreover, the speeches attributed to Caesar and Cato represent two very different types of oratory. Caesar's argument is calm and judicial, and designed to put the brakes upon the senate's action; Cato's speech is a tide of fiery invective. From what we know otherwise of Caesar and Cato, and of their sentiments regarding the conspiracy,

there is a large inherent probability that Sallust has caught the spirit of the leading speeches in that celebrated debate. And in this connection it should not be forgotten that Sallust was an officer in Caesar's army and that he probably had had abundant opportunity to hear Caesar in public addresses.

It is perhaps too much to expect that third-year students, without help, will fully appreciate these compositions; the sarcasm of Cato, in particular, would be likely to go over their heads. But, presented and explained by the teacher, these speeches ought to be very interesting to any class.

As illustrating the kind of commentary and discussion that a well-read teacher might introduce to quicken interest in the study of Cicero, the following "samples" are appended. The examples are taken more or less at random, and no other claim is made for them other than that they suggest a method of procedure.

1. *In Cat. i. 13. 32*: "desinant . . . circumstare tribunal praetoris *urbani*": Who was the "city praetor"? He was chief of the judges in the civil courts. Where was his tribunal? In the open forum. Why was the disorderly element in the city massing and "hanging around" this tribunal? Doubtless to intimidate judge or jury or otherwise to interfere with the business of the court. This suggests some very interesting topics for discussion.

a) Did attempts to interfere with court procedure ever break over into overt acts of violence? Yes, and rather frequently too, it would seem. For example, in the year 66, P. Autronius Paetus was elected to the consulship for the following year. Like Murena (mentioned above) he was charged with having gained his election by bribery, and on this charge he was tried. Apparently he had little confidence in the strength of his defense; for he first tried to to break up court proceedings through the help of a band of hired ruffians, and finally he had recourse to "rushing tactics" and stone-throwing ("*lapidatione atque concursu*" [*P. Sulla* 5. 15]). Even these means did not prevent his condemnation, and he afterward appears as one of the leaders in Catiline's conspiracy.

b) Were there other circumstances that favored miscarriage of justice? Yes. A good illustration may be found in Catiline's own experience. After holding the office of praetor, he governed

the province of Africa for a year, and robbed the natives so atrociously that he was obliged to stand trial for extortion in the year 65. By wirepulling, his good friend Publius Clodius was appointed "prosecutor," and with this help and the lavish distribution of his ill-gotten gains among the jurors a verdict of "not guilty" was secured.

Some years later this same Publius Clodius was himself put on trial, charged with profaning the rites of the Bona Dea. The jurymen demanded a guard to protect them from lawless attack; and it was so notorious a fact that the majority were bribed that a wag inquired of one of them whether they had called for a guard to insure the safety of their pocketbooks! "Quid vos . . . praesidium a nobis postulabatis? an ne nummi vobis eriperentur timebatis? (*Ad Att.* i. 16. 5).

c) Do these abuses tend at all to justify the stand which Cicero took on the nones of December, when he threw the weight of his influence in favor of the immediate execution of the five conspirators who were in custody? At that date Catiline was at large with an army, and the backbone of the conspiracy was not yet broken. Under these circumstances, if the five prisoners had merely been held over for trial in the usual way, how large were the chances that a verdict could have been secured against them?

2. *In Cat.* iii. 4. 8: "Introduxi Volturcium sine Gallis," etc. This speech was revised for publication some two or three years after it was delivered; and in checking it up Cicero had at his disposal a document unique in those times, namely a sort of stenographic report of that day's proceedings in the senate. In *P. Sulla* 14. 41-42 Cicero tells how this report was made: "Itaque, introductis in senatum indicibus, constitui senatores, qui omnia indicum dicta, interrogata, responsa perscriberent. At quos viros! non solum summa virtute et fide . . . sed etiam quos sciebam memoria, scientia, *celeritate scribendi* facillime quae dicerentur persequi posse." After the meeting this report was copied at once by slaves and distributed freely.

The beginnings of stenography date back to this period, and it seems very likely that some use of signs is referred to in *celeritate scribendi*. At any rate the record included minute details.

The speech for Sulla was delivered some time in the year after Cicero's consulship, and Cicero is there found in the very unusual position of defending a man charged with being implicated in the conspiracy of Catiline. The prosecutor has scored a point by saying that "Sulla was named by the Allobroges" (13. 36). Cicero turns to the official record and says (just as though in a modern court), "Yes, he was named by them; but read the evidence (*lege indicium*) and see *how* his name came to be mentioned."

Then follows the testimony in the official report, which showed: (a) that Cassius told the Allobroges that Autronius was among the conspirators, (b) that the Allobroges then *inquired* whether Sulla too was in the conspiracy, and (c) that Cassius answered that he did not know for certain. This testimony raises a number of interesting questions which do not call for discussion here. The matter of special interest at this point is the minute detail of the official report.

3. *In Cat.* iii. 6. 14: "Atque ea lenitate senatus est usus, Quirites, ut ex tanta coniuratione . . . novem hominum perditissimorum peona re publica conservata, reliquorum mentis sanari posse arbitraretur." Of the nine men here referred to, five were then in custody; and two days later they were strangled by the executioners. One or two queries are suggested.

a) Did others than the five lose their lives? Apparently not, for in *P. Sulla* 11. 33 Cicero speaks of the state as having been saved by the execution of *five*. Some fell, of course, along with Catiline and Manlius in the battle near Pistoria. Meanwhile at Rome the courts were kept busy for some months handling the cases of persons charged with implication in the conspiracy. By the summary execution of the five the backbone of the conspiracy was broken, and the court procedure now went forward without a hitch. Some of the accused were condemned, others defaulted and went voluntarily into exile. One or two seem to have bought immunity by informing against others. In *P. Sulla* 2. 6-7 Cicero mentions casually the following as having been brought to trial: Vargunteius, Servius Sulla, Publius Sulla, Marcus Laeca, Gaius Cornelius, and Publius Antronius. At this time he was defending another Publius Sulla on the same charge.

b) Do we hear again of the exiled conspirators? Yes, and in a rather curious connection. Some years later it was Cicero's unhappy lot to be himself driven into exile on the charge of putting Roman citizens to death without formal trial. On his arrival in Greece he found the country thickly populated with men whom he had been instrumental in exiling! "Quo cum venissem, cognovi refertam esse Graeciam sceleratissimorum hominum ac nefariorum, quorum impium ferrum ignisque pestiferos meus ille consulatus e manibus extorserat" (*P. Plancio* 41. 98). He was informed, moreover, that they had planned to give him a fitting reception ("insidias mihi paratas ab exulibus coniuratis" [*ibid.* 41. 100]). The danger and discomfort of his situation is alluded to also in *Ad Atticum* iii. 2, iii. 7. 1, and iii. 8. 1.

4. In *Cat.* iv. 10. 21: "Sit Scipio ille clarus ornetur alter eximia laude Africanus," etc. Here are enumerated the immortals with whom Cicero would like a niche in the "hall of fame."

a) How is this list made up? Every man is a distinguished warrior. In this fact alone there is nothing specially noteworthy, for the Romans were a people that rated men of action as distinctly first.

b) Was Cicero deserving of a place in such a company? He certainly thought so himself, and never missed an opportunity to press his claim. In the third speech against Catiline, immediately after the vote of the senate which ordered a thanksgiving in his name, he was quick to point out that this was an honor previously the reward of warriors only, "Quod mihi primum post hanc urbem conditam *togato* contigit" (6. 15); and in the next sentence but one he does not hesitate to rate his thanksgiving above those previously accorded to warriors, "Ceterae *bene gesta*, haec una *conservata* re publica constituta est."

c) In making up the list for the "hall of fame" was there any special point in giving Marius a place? To be sure, his services were very noteworthy. But the list is exceedingly short and select (the two Scipios, Aemilius Paulus, Marius and Pompey), and Marius was a radical republican, while Cicero's sympathies were rather with the senatorial party. Is it possible that, in putting

forward the name of Marius, Cicero was adroitly trying to bolster up his own claim? Well, in the first place, Marius and Cicero were fellow-townsmen, both hailing from Arpinum; and, speaking in the year 62 in reply to a taunt that he was from a country town and therefore not a real "Roman," Cicero brings out another point of connection between himself and Marius: "Fateor, et addo etiam: ex eo municipio, unde iterum iam salus huic urbi imperio-que missa est" (*P. Sulla* 7. 23).

Turning back to *In Cat.* iv. 10. 21, it will be noted that Marius' claim to a place in the "hall of fame" is set forth as follows: "Qui bis Italiam obsidione et metu servitutis liberavit." The reference is, of course, to the defeat of the Cimbri and Teutones, which turned back the tide of barbarian invasion. Little Arpinum then sent forth a son to be the "savior of the state"; later it sends forth another (Cicero) to duplicate the feat by suppressing the conspiracy of Catiline!

Perhaps this comparison should not be pushed farther; yet it is quite possible that Cicero meant that the thought of his hearers should not stop even here. Perhaps, indeed, we may find at this point an explanation of the rather obscure earlier passage (6. 12) in which Cicero speaks as follows of the plans of the conspirators: "Qui id egerunt, ut gentem Allobrogum in vestigiis huius urbis atque in cinere deflagrati imperi conlocarent." In the year 390 Rome had been burned by northern barbarians. Nearly three hundred years later Marius saved it from a repetition of the disaster. Does Cicero mean to suggest that he in turn is saving it from the Allobroges in 63?

d) Did the Romans generally take kindly to these pretensions on the part of Cicero? His personal friends and political associates seconded his claims; but by others he was freely criticized and derided. Seneca, who appreciated Cicero's services to the state, and who lived long enough afterward to view the situation with impartial eyes, records this very just judgment regarding Cicero and the events of the year 63: "Consulatum . . . non sine causa, sed sine fine laudatum" (*De Brev. Vit.* 5. 1).

Not only did Cicero talk himself, but he urged others (e.g., Archias) to write of his exploits. Several of his own writings on this

subject are lost; for example, the history of his consulship, written in Greek and, on the same topic, a long Latin poem, of which a considerable fragment is quoted in *De Divinatione* i. 11. 17 ff. Like many other people, Cicero seems to have been most proud of the thing he did least well; and he added insult to injury by harping on his own merits through the medium of second-rate verse. Quintilian, a competent critic and a writer not unfriendly to Cicero, says plaintively: "In carminibus utinam pepercisset, quae non desierunt carpere maligni" (*Inst. Orat.* xi. 1. 24). He appends some samples:

O fortunatam natam me consule Romam.
Cedant arma togae, concedat laurea laudi.

As this paper is intended to be illustrative rather than exhaustive, what has already been said has doubtless made the point at issue perfectly clear. Our teaching of Cicero is too cut and dried; it follows too closely the narrow lines of the textbook. We need a larger and a freer air; and teachers who would bring light and inspiration into their work could not do better than to begin at once to learn something of Cicero through a first-hand personal acquaintance with his writings in the large.

THE MESSENGER IN GREEK TRAGEDY

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One of the peculiarities of Greek tragedy, a peculiarity not universal but so widespread as to be fairly typical, is the presentation of scenes, and those, too, crucial scenes, not to the eye on the stage, but to the ear by the report of a messenger. Thus, to suggest one or two of the more famous examples, the scene at the climax of the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, where Jocasta hangs herself and Oedipus puts out his eyes, is reported by a messenger. A messenger tells Medea of the effect of her gifts, the poisoned robe and crown, on Jason's bride, the little Creusa. The sacrifice of Iphigenia at Aulis and her escape with Orestes from the Taurians come to us by word of mouth from an eye-witness, the messenger.

My own interest in this so-called convention, as not merely a fact but one with some meaning, dates, as much interest in the drama is likely to date, from experience in staging a Greek play. Four years ago we were preparing to present at Smith College the *Iphigenia at Aulis*, and found ourselves struggling at rehearsal to bring out of the quiet girl, cast for the messenger's part, fervor and vitality enough to carry the scene of Iphigenia's sacrifice, not only across the footlights, but through the barrier of an alien tongue to the audience beyond. One day she wailed out: "I never would have taken this part if I had known what it was! I knew I couldn't act an important part, but I thought I ought to be willing to help in something small. I supposed it would be like a Shakespeare messenger. Now the whole play rests on me, and if I fail, the whole thing is a failure!" That she did not fail I saw clearly from the faces of the audience as I sat in Agamemnon's hut to prompt. But I acquired the conviction sharply that the messenger is not a supernumerary but a star, and needs more attention than he usually gets in a study of Greek drama.

In several recent and standard works on Attic tragedy I find a paragraph or so alluding to the messenger in a somewhat apologetic fashion as a survival of epic tradition, an element still undramatic. For that theory, of course, it would be well to find this epic survival particularly prominent in Aeschylus forming an inchoate blend of epic and lyric not yet fully fused, or again in Euripides, whose grip on dramatic construction is sometimes weak. But the Aeschylean messenger reports are either so brief as to be almost negligible or, after the fashion of the song of Deborah, lyric rather than epic, and Euripides simply uses with varying success a device which is fully developed by Sophocles—a past master of dramatic construction and art. The *Philoctetes* alone has no messenger. In all the other extant Sophoclean dramas there is at least one typical messenger scene. To determine whether this is in its essence dramatic involves going back at least to Aristotle and defining terms, which is work entirely too fundamental for the purpose of the present paper. Mimetic these scenes are certainly not. Yet dramatic they may possibly be. But the messenger is, in the main, judged or misjudged on the basis of a formula far more current—one of those elusive sayings on which everyone seems to be brought up. When I ask any of my friends, people who are not specialists but who know something of Greek, something of the drama, "What is your idea of the function of the messenger?" I get an answer so nearly identical that I could almost get it recited in concert. "The Greek love of beauty," say they, "the Greek love of beauty and moderation could not tolerate scenes of violence and slaughter. Hence it was customary to have these scenes take place off the stage and be reported by a messenger."

Now the Greek sensitiveness to violence and slaughter must have been located in the optic rather than in the auditory nerve. For, certainly, neither in the messenger's speech nor elsewhere are we spared details of horror. To avoid horror it would seem simpler not to use the myths of Oedipus, Philoctetes, or the Bacchae, for example. But this theory is perhaps one of the unconscious survivals of that Greek world in which we all used to believe—a world of pure white marble with a touch of gold and not a jarring note of crude color. But whether he is regarded as an exponent of this

popular formula or more scientifically as a crude survival of the epic, an evidence of undeveloped art, I should like to speak a word in behalf of the messenger—to indicate some of his advantages as a dramatic device.

I have taught grammar long enough to know the difference between purpose and result. No one ever supposed Sophocles to have said, "My audience are Greeks. They do not love slaughter. I will introduce a messenger in order to avoid it." Neither do I suppose him to have aimed consciously to produce the results which I shall call to your attention. But a device, however foreign to us, by which the great dramatists, at the summit of emotion and interest, preserved in their own day the integrity of their own conceptions from inadequate presentation or misrepresentation, selected with the unerring instinct of the artist just the accessories necessary to illuminate rather than becloud a scene, avoided the pitfalls wherein the sublime comes down to the ridiculous and left in imperishable form to us what otherwise had been ephemeral—for this device it is perhaps well to be grateful, if only as for the primitive tool whereby a workman turns out a handmade rather than machine-made product. And then there is always the chance that, being consummate artists, the great dramatists knew what they were about.

Let me illustrate briefly a few of these points. The drama, as an art, is a mixed one. Part of it is created by the author, part by the actor. What the author contributes may survive. How evanescent is the actor's art every generation knows when it faces a new generation. We can hand down Shakespeare's Hamlet to our children—but not Booth's! The actor, also, not only in the rendering of his lines, but in his stage business, may reinforce the author's conception or he may nullify it. It is small wonder that many modern dramatists, jealously wishing to conserve the integrity of the children of their brain, introduce stage directions so full, so written, that they constitute a literary part of the play. In portions of Mr. Barrie's *Rosalind*, for example, his heroine's speeches—and speeches are all we expect the playwright to contribute to the text—fill a very small portion of the

page. Perhaps, therefore, when Maude Adams is dead some other actress may present the part with all the pretty by-play Mr. Barrie had in mind.

It is small wonder that in the scenes which are the crisis of his work the dramatist should put out his hand for some means whereby he, and not the actor, should "create the part." Curiously enough, too, "scenes of violence and slaughter" may especially demand heroic measures. For scenes of violence and slaughter are largely inarticulate. They are all emotion and action, in which words find small place. What could a doll-baby like the little Creusa, Jason's bride, say when the golden circlet and the robe, Medea's gifts, began to burn her pretty, curly head and fair flesh! She could only run up and down and scream, and because Euripides sent a swift messenger to voice her inarticulate anguish, we see her still running up and down screaming amid her screaming women,

Shaking her head this way and that,
To cast from her the crown; but firmly fixed
The gold held fast its clasp; the fire whene'er
She shook her locks, with doubled fury blazed.

Medea can speak for herself. She has a cause and she can plead it. But from the moment when Creusa put the crown on her head and smiled at herself in the mirror, then walked down the room in the robe of cloth-of-gold, stretching out her pretty foot before her to see how the folds hung, till she dropped, a crumpled heap of horror, on the floor, could Euripides have trusted the interpretation of her mute appeal to any boy in Attica? (Bernhardt might play Creusa. But Bernhardt would be playing Medea.) By means of that messenger all Athens knew and we yet know, not only Euripides' Medea, but Euripides' Creusa.

It is perhaps also an instinctive avoidance, not of the horrible, but of scenes where the horror, unless skilfully handled, may pass over into the ridiculous, which governs the use of the messenger for another type of scene. Sophocles makes Ajax stab himself in full view of the audience. But his frenzied thrusting right and left among the flocks, leaving bleeding victims heaped around, as well

as the similar episode in the *Iphigenia among the Taurians*, is wisely intrusted to the selective instinct of the messenger. The deer left gasping on the altar in place of the sacrificed Iphigenia is probably better described than seen. Certain pathologic details of madness, horrible in fact, horrible in repetition, may be less than that in presentation. Foam at the mouth is better shudderingly imagined than imitated with soapsuds.

If the author, as we have suggested, may wish jealously to guard for himself the interpretation of certain features rather than intrust them to the possibly unsympathetic and certainly impermanent art of the actor, he might also equally wish at times to transcend the limitations of the stage carpenter and the property man. The sea monster and the maddened horses of Hippolytus, the ship scenes in the *Helen* and the *Iphigenia*, could be only burlesqued, not represented, even with the utmost resources of the Metropolitan Opera House. One champion with scaling ladders and a host might batter at one gate of Thebes before our eyes. But we could never see it in the round with seven champions at the seven gates, as Aeschylus and Euripides have both given it to us. As I was enumerating one day the few plays which had a rural rather than a palace-front staging, a friend added, "There is the *Bacchae*. Dont you remember those beautiful scenes in the *Bacchae*?" And I could only say, "I do and you do, only because the messenger painted them."

The messenger, as well as the stage manager, may fail of his office, may overload with a multitude of fussy details. There is an instance in Euripides' *Ion*, where the banquetting pavilion is described, not in the few bold strokes necessary to give atmosphere, a background for the plot, but after the fashion of the overloaded stage in a modern drawing-room scene.

In matters like this Sophocles' sure instinct comes to the front. His messengers have indeed character of their own; they are not lay figures, and their reports take on the color of their personality. The sentinel who comes to report to Creon the capture of Antigone, caught in the act of giving the forbidden burial to her brother Polynices, is of the same breed as Shakespeare's clowns. But he

can set the stage for a scene which holds its place, not only in the heart, but in the eye.

Why thus it happened. When we reached the place,
Wrought on by those dread menacings from you,
We swept away all dust that covered up
The body, and laid the clammy limbs quite bare,
And windward from the summit of the hill,
Out of the tainted air that spread from him,
We sat us down, each as it might be, rousing
His neighbor with a clamor of abuse,
Wakening him up, whenever any one
Seemed to be slack in watching. This went on,
Till in mid air the luminous orb of day
Stood, and the heat grew sultry. Suddenly
A violent eddy lifted from the ground
A hurricane, a trouble of the sky.
Ruffling all foliage of the woodland plain
It filled the horizon; the vast atmosphere
Thickened to meet it; we, closing our eyes,
Endured the Heaven-sent plague. After a while,
When it had ceased, there stands this maiden in sight,
And wails aloud, shrill as the bitter note
Of the sad bird, whenas she finds the couch
Of her void nest robbed of her young.

Why talk of the limitations of the Attic stage? Was there ever a stage on which men could lie cowering under the lee of a hill while the air thickened to a sultry noon? Can a stage manager send a sandstorm whirling in eddies across a wooded plain, closing the eyes, not only of the actors but of the spectators, stripping and tattering the foliage as it passes, and leave silhouetted against the sky that lonely figure, wailing like a bird robbed of her young?

I have said that the drama is a mixed art, having affiliations, so far as it appeals to the eye, with painting and sculpture, so far as it appeals to the ear, belonging to literature. If the "movies" should ever develop into an art form they would be at one pole while Greek tragedy is at the other, since its few broad lines of direct appeal to the eye are in points not vital to the development of the theme. It differs from the epic, not because it is to be seen as

well as heard, but because of structural difference as a literary form. But in calling it primarily literary, I am courting almost certain misunderstanding. For even literature we think of as something to be read with the eye, forgetting that words belong to the ear and that written characters are after all only a system of storage. A book bears the same relation to literature that a sheet of notes does to music. Neither is real till it is translated back and enters the mind by its own route. Many of us can, however, look at the printed page and imagine the sounds. Some people can do the same with sheet music. But when the day comes in which people imagine that sheet music alone is music we shall have lost something. Yet in literature we have already gone so far in that direction that the literary drama is supposed to be one not adapted for oral transmission, nor indeed can the dramatist count on an audience accustomed to receive ideas by the direct route.

A few weeks ago the Moving Picture Board of Trade gave a banquet and invited Mr. Arthur Brisbane to address them. I cannot think that they got as much aid and comfort from his remarks as I did. For he said (I quote the newspaper report partly from memory): "The motion picture, gentlemen, owes its success to the fact that we are a race of animals. We have been standing on our hind legs for fifty thousand years. We have been using articulate speech for a much shorter time. To get men to make their own moving pictures in their minds is extremely difficult. It takes a high order of intelligence to take a few lines and manufacture them into a mental film." The function of the messenger was precisely that—"to get men to make their own moving pictures in their minds, to take a few lines and manufacture them into a mental film." That does, indeed, take a high order of intelligence, but perhaps Athens in the fifth century could count on that high order of intelligence.

Confronted with the competition of the "movies," the modern drama is rather pathetically groping for its own field. The new stagecraft is, at least in theory, a return to simple suggestiveness of background, a faint revolt against the ever-usurping eye. If this weakening of external support helps to produce dramatists who can stand alone, who can manufacture mental films, they may

invent some device to fill the messenger's place. But for all his merits they cannot adopt him bodily, since he is indeed not a personage in our world.

To Athens the swift runner was no lay figure. He ran from Marathon to Athens with news of the battle, he had run to Sparta to tell of Athens' need, and when he was crossing the shoulder of Parthenion, Pan met him and intrusted to him a message for his people. When he ran upon the stage, as when he ran into the market place, men listened for something of importance. And since he has annihilated, not only space, but time, and brought his message down to us, "Let not the good messenger fail of his hope, but give him his due reward."

THE LATIN WORK OF THE OAK PARK HIGH SCHOOL¹

BY LOURA B. WOODRUFF
Oak Park High School

Communities, like the individuals that compose them, are all different yet all alike. Location, size, natural advantages, business interests, may vary, yet there is a distinctly human interest inherent in them all, and it is this human interest in relation to the teaching of Latin, with the requirements it makes and the desires it creates, that I wish to discuss today.

Because I have been requested to speak of the Latin department in the Oak Park High School and to give an account of some of its activities, I shall draw my illustrations from circumstances coming within my personal experience there during the past nine years. The number of pupils attending this school is now 1,133. Of these, 552 are in the Latin classes of the four different years. The number studying Greek is not so large, but it includes some of our best pupils, and they are offered a three-years' course in this subject.

It is a matter of much good fortune to us in Oak Park that the great majority of our pupils come from environments in which education and refinement prevail. In many cases I know it has been the parents' wish that has caused the boy or girl to elect Latin and perhaps Greek; in many cases too it has been the parents' determination that has caused the pupil to continue the work. Another influence of potent force with us is the fact that a large number of our young people are definitely preparing for some special college or university whose entrance terms require, or at least recommend, the classical training. But the most stimulating influence in any community is the pupils' human interest.

To arouse and hold this interest three conditions must be maintained: (1) the pupil must understand what he is trying to

¹ Read at the Michigan Classical Conference, March 31, 1916, with stereopticon illustrations.

do, (2) he must be kept busy with some visible end in view, and (3) he must meet with some success in arriving at that end. The value of the first requisite, understanding, is apparent at all times and particularly during the first year, when a large part of the class-hour must be spent in explanation of the lesson for the following day, so that energy may not be lost through lack of comprehension. The second requisite, activity directed toward some end, is of special importance in holding the interest of high-school pupils, whose youthful exuberance demands an outlet. The third requisite, success, is as vital as either of the other two. We all need to win a victory occasionally to convince ourselves and others that we have the power of conquest in us. Moreover, it must be a real victory, not merely the *insignia victoriae*, if it is to bring permanent satisfaction.

But understanding, purposeful activity, and success are not the only things to be sought. There are also *multae artes eximiae harum administrae comitesque virtutum*. Of these I shall mention only two, namely, the attractiveness of the setting in which our study of the ancient classics may be cast, and the variation that may be introduced into this supplementary work.

Some criticism has arisen in recent years of what is known as artificial stimulation of interest, the so-called sugar-coated doses of Latin, and the statement is made that Latin never can be made easy. Truly it cannot, but need it for that reason be made mechanical, with all the life taken from it? Good scholarship, applicable to coming needs whether in or out of school, must, of course, be our great aim, second only to the development of character, but I am convinced that some seeming digression from the steady grind is in reality an ingression into the true spirit of the classical languages and of the people who spoke them.

Such supplementary exercises should always be subservient to the main purpose of our work, and in this connection I wish to emphasize the fact that the activities mentioned below have been distributed over a period of nine years and no one of them has been given an undue amount of time and effort. In order to keep them in this subordinate position and to avoid the possibility of allowing them to make any serious encroachment upon the pupil's time,

as well as to add the stimulus of novelty to their charm, we have taken them up separately, varying them from year to year and changing their form with different classes. For example, one year we gave a Roman banquet to which all third- and fourth-year Latin pupils were invited; another year we had a Latin club organized for first-year pupils only; at another time we prepared a Latin exhibit in which the members of all classes participated; for two years we published a Latin paper, and we are now, after an interval of five years, making our second Latin calendar.

Besides these more extensive enterprises, we have tried several plans on a smaller scale for individual classes, such as the following: some of the first-year classes exchanged Latin valentines last month; one of the second-year sections at the close of the year 1913-14 attended Caesar's funeral; a Cicero class a year ago organized itself into a Roman state; and both Caesar and Cicero classes have given a number of short plays in English based upon the text that had been read.

The publication of the Latin paper *Latine* was an interesting task, though by no means an easy one. The greatest difficulty was to devise new schemes suited to the needs of such a paper. Short stories in Latin, letters from friends and former pupils who were kind enough to write to us in that language, quotations from Latin authors or from publications similar to our own, jokes familiar to our readers, and advertisements from the Chicago elevated trains or from local stores formed the main source of our supply of material.

Our Latin calendars contain only notices of events occurring on school days and in most cases concerned with school affairs. The programs of the general assembly and of the various organizations of the school, class proceedings, athletic events, etc., appear in these items.

On the occasion of Caesar's funeral, the *lectus funebris* stood in the classical room, and upon it was placed a worn copy of the *De Bello Gallico* to lie in state under its purple coverlet until the funeral procession was formed, when it was borne to a vacant lot across the street and cremated with appropriate ceremonies. The ashes

were brought back to the classical room, where they still rest at the bottom of one of our classic flower urns.

The Latin valentines contained various sentiments, often expressed in questionable Latin, but not difficult to understand. Thus one boy wished to say, "Love me, love my dog," but what appeared on his card was *Ama me, ama meum cenam*. Whether his error was due to greater familiarity with the word *cena* than with *canis*, or whether it was due to the proverbial fondness a boy has for his dinner is a question still unanswered.

The class that formed the miniature Roman republic was arbitrarily divided by the teacher into eight centuries, whose duty it was to elect two consuls each to take charge of the affairs of the state a week at a time. Certain members of the class immediately declared themselves candidates for the offices, their names were accepted, and they were allowed a few minutes at the beginning of two of the recitation periods to make known their special qualifications. Followers of the candidates aided them by posting electioneering signs asking the centuries to make their friends consuls and adding some complimentary remark, such as *Bonus vir est*, or something similar.

The voting was done as nearly as possible in accordance with Roman custom, and one of the valuable parts of the process, aside from the good spirit it created, was the fact that it necessitated more thorough study of Roman methods of election than would ordinarily be given to this subject.

On the appointed day the consuls took the vows of their office and entered upon the performance of their duties. In view of the fact that the ancient Romans named special days on which certain religious rites should be observed, our officers caused their people to set aside two days out of each week for tasks almost equally binding. These were Monday, which was to be devoted to prose, and Wednesday, when ten or fifteen minutes were to be given to written sight translation from the Latin.

The Caesar and Cicero plays have been short presentations in dramatic form of situations described by the Latin authors, such as "The tragedy of Orgetorix," "Caesar's encounter with the Veneti," "The treachery of Ambiorix," "The conviction of the

Catilinarian conspirators," etc. By outlining in acts and scenes the main events of the story, by assigning the impersonations of such characters as Orgetorix, Dumnorix, Ambiorix, Sabinus, Cotta, Lentulus, Gabinius, and even Caesar and Cicero to some of the pupils, and by asking others to study the interpretation of the emotions and feelings of the citizens, the soldiers, the senate, etc., there has been furnished an opportunity for a comprehensive view of situations, for an appreciation of the effect of human passions, for an understanding of the complexity of human problems, and for a realization of the results of human actions such as can never be gained from the sectional translation afforded by the ordinary day's work. These productions have not been in any sense finished, nor were they intended to be, but they have served merely as an active form of review and as an effective way of emphasizing the contents and meaning of the text translated.

Nothing that has been mentioned thus far is peculiar to the Oak Park High School. That in which our classical department is unique is its beautiful classical room. Located on the second floor of the school building between the English club room and one of the ordinary recitation rooms, this classic spot is within easy reach of all who wish to see it. It is not merely a show room used only on special occasions, but is in active service the entire day. Regular class work is done here, conferences are held here, and some of the clubs meet here. Because of the fact that it can be united with the English club room by raising the large door between the two, it furnishes a convenient center for many of the social gatherings of the school. It is typically classical in its construction, from its beamed ceiling adorned with Greek moldings to its bordered floor bearing the cordial Latin greeting *Salve*. The coloring is white and buff and around the walls runs a frieze of Flaxman's illustrations of the *Odyssey*, finished in tones of pinkish brown. Here are pictured Penelope departing with Odysseus from her father's home, Athena asking Zeus's help for the Greeks, the suitors of Penelope reveling in the home of Odysseus, Penelope unraveling by night the web she had woven by day, Nausicaa and her friends playing ball, Odysseus shipwrecked and clinging to a bit of his shattered ship, Nestor offering sacrifice, and Odysseus return-

ing to Penelope. At one side of the room is a Lararium, the home of our household gods, and in it a small Pompeian figure suggests the artistic spirit of the ancient Romans, if not the reality of their Lares and Penates. Over two of the doors are Latin quotations, *Nil mali intret* and *Procul o, procul este profani*, and over the larger door is the following English quotation: "The great man ever has sought the sacred fire from olden books or from the older stars." The furniture, with the exception of that which we have felt was needed for modern service, namely, a blackboard and some chairs with arms, is strictly in accord with classic taste. There are, a white marble table with exquisite base, a white marble bench, dark-green chairs of Roman design, two brass candelabra, a white cabinet for books and papers, a bust of Caesar, a small statue of Mercury unbinding his sandal, an urn in the form of a truncated column decorated with figures of dainty Greek maidens, and a smaller flower urn standing on a Romanized Ionic base. Everything unites to make this room a vivid reproduction of Greek and Roman ideals of beauty in architecture and furnishings, and the effect is most attractive and inspiring.

Current Events

[Edited by Clarence W. Gleason, Roxbury Latin School, Boston, Mass., for the territory covered by the Association of New England and the Atlantic States; Daniel W. Lothman, East High School, Cleveland, Ohio, for the Middle States, west to the Mississippi River; Walter Miller, University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo., for the Southern States; and by Frederick C. Eastman, the University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa, for the territory of the Association west of the Mississippi, exclusive of Louisiana and Texas. News from the Pacific Coast may be sent to Miss Juliann A. Roller, Franklin High School, Portland, Ore., and to Miss Bertha Green, Hollywood High School, Los Angeles, Cal. This department will present everything that is properly news—occurrences from month to month, meetings, changes in faculties, performances of various kinds, etc. All news items should be sent to the associate editors named above.]

Florida

The first meeting of the Association of South Florida Latin Teachers for the current year was held in the Hillsboro High School building, Tampa, on Saturday, November 18. The morning session was taken up with the business of reorganization. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. E. R. Spence, Lakeland; Vice-President, Miss Elizabeth Smith, Bartow; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Annie Aaron, Plant City; Reporter, Miss Rennie Peele, Clearwater.

The afternoon session was taken up with a discussion of ideals and plans for the year's work. Those leading the discussion were Miss Evans of St. Petersburg, Mr. Spence of Lakeland, Messieurs Robinson and Cook of Tampa.

High ideals were set, and helpful plans proposed; these were met by the members of the Association in a spirit that promises much of achievement for the cause of Latin in south Florida schools.

Illinois

Annual High-School Conference at the University of Illinois.—Teachers of Latin and Greek in the colleges, normal schools, and high schools of Illinois met on Friday, November 25, at the University of Illinois in the annual conference conducted by that institution.

The program arranged by the executive committee, of which Miss Bouldin of Springfield was chairman, follows: "Non-essentials in the Teaching of First- and Second-Year Latin," Miss Margaret Hubbard, Carlinville; "The Springfield-Laboratory-Recitation Method of Teaching Latin," Miss Ethel Jean Luke, Springfield; "Report of the Committee on Library Equipment," Miss Ada Stewart, Peoria; "Report of Committee on Fourth-Year Latin," Miss Jessie Lummis, Normal School, Normal; "Value of Talks on Archaeology," illustrated with slides, Miss Helen Baldwin, Joliet.

The paper by Miss Luke aroused keen interest. It described a new phase of supervised study which is being developed in the Springfield High School under the direction of the principal, Mr. I. M. Allen.

The Classics Committee submitted for the conference of 1917 consists of Miss Loura B. Woodruff of Oak Park, Miss Harriet L. Bouldin of Springfield, and Miss Jessie Lummis of Normal.

Indiana

Rushville High School.—Miss Nelle M. Baldwin of the Latin department writes: I suppose every teacher when teaching the famous bridge of Caesar tries to have a miniature bridge to explain the structure. For some classes the reading of the comparison of the ships of the Veneti and the Romans and of the description of the bridge is a great task. Two years ago last May one of my Caesar students suggested the building of a real bridge, since we had a miniature bridge. I rather doubted whether he could do this, but, with the help of other members of the class, the picture in our texts, and the description as given by Caesar, he made a fine bridge. We were unfortunate, however, in the selection of the location for the bridge and had to destroy it after its completion as it obstructed the stream.

Last May another ambitious Caesar student wanted to build a bridge. I appointed him chief engineer and he was to call on any Caesar or Freshman Latin student. Of course the girls wanted to help to do something, so it was arranged that when the bridge was completed they should take the supper and we would celebrate at the bridge. Our chief engineer had more volunteers than he could use, and the bridge was completed after about two and a half-days' work. The bridge was thirty feet long and the water, where it was built, was from two to three feet deep. Our picnic at the bridge was given and everyone was proud of the work.

Iowa

About 100 teachers were present at the Latin Teachers' Round Table of the Iowa State Teachers' Association at Des Moines on Friday, November 3. Following is the program (Leader, Professor F. C. Eastman, State University; Secretary, Julia Padmore, Des Moines High School): "Latin in the Grades," Helen M. Eddy, University High School, Iowa City; "What Means I Have Found Most Effective in Vitalizing Latin," 3-minute talks by Latin teachers. Session of the Auxiliary Section of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South, Professor C. N. Smiley, Grinnell College: "Latin a Living Language," Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Washington, D. C.

The session was unusually interesting; discussion was prompt and to the point. Dr. Wiley's address particularly held attention. Through the efforts of the Latin department of the state university Dr. Wiley came into the state with three significant addresses on the value of Latin: one at the state university on November 1 entitled "The Practical Value of Latin in Education and

the Professions"; one on the main program of the State Teachers' Association with the caption, "The School of the Future: Its Language and Sanitation," the first part of which was devoted to the interests of Latin, and a third address before the Latin Round Table as noted above. Professor John A. Scott of Northwestern University, upon invitation of the Latin Round Table, gave a short but inspiring address.

A regular annual census made by Professor F. C. Eastman, of the state university, shows a remarkable increase in the number of students in Latin in the high schools of Iowa for the current year. The figures given below for the academic year 1914-15 show the number of pupils in 379 schools who were taking Latin. Exactly the same schools were addressed this year. Up to the present date replies have been received from 329 only, but these show an increase as follows:

First-year Latin.....	1914-15.....	4,812
	1915-16.....	5,344
	1916-17.....	7,794
Second-year Latin.....	1914-15.....	3,127
	1915-16.....	3,438
	1916-17.....	5,074
Third- and Fourth-year Latin.....	1914-15.....	1,665
	1915-16.....	1,448
	1916-17.....	1,829
Total.....	1914-15.....	9,736
	1915-16.....	10,356
	1916-17.....	14,697

The Eighth Annual Meeting of the Iowa State Hellenic Society was held in Des Moines on November 3, President Sherman Kirk, Drake University, presiding. An interesting paper was read by Professor Joanna Baker of Simpson College on "Greek as Used in the Newspapers," and Professor John A. Scott of Northwestern University, president of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South, spoke before the society on "The Poetic Economies of the *Odyssey*." The meeting was well attended and very enjoyable.

Election of officers resulted in the choice of Professor W. S. Ebersole, Cornell College, as president; Professor Clara E. Millerd, Grinnell College, as vice-president; Professor W. E. Berry, Penn College, as secretary; Professor Joanna E. Baker, Simpson College, as treasurer; and Professors F. O. Norton of Drake University, W. R. Van Ness of Dennison, and C. H. Weller of the University of Iowa, as additional members of the Executive Committee.

By invitation of Drake University the spring meeting of the society will be held at Des Moines.

Nebraska

At the Latin section of the Nebraska State Teachers' Association, held at Omaha November 9, the following program was given: "Teaching Pupils How to Study Latin," Miss Jessie Jury, High School, Lincoln; Latin Play, *Roma Non Delenda Est*, under the direction of Miss Susan Paxson, Latin department of the Central High School, Omaha.

Miss Jury's paper gave an unusually clear and keen discussion of the difficulties pupils find in studying Latin, and offered definite, concrete suggestions as to how they can be met.

Miss Paxson's play was a remarkable performance. The enunciation of the young players was so perfect and their interpretation of the lines so intelligent that the audience could follow the play about as well as if it had been given in English. The long and difficult part of Cicero was given in an extraordinarily dignified and convincing way. The educational value of giving such plays cannot be overestimated. Pupils who can master lines made up of periodic sentences, or who can listen to them understandingly, will probably never have much trouble with Latin word-order. Miss Paxson's play is a dramatization of the Catilinarian conspiracy.

Ohio

The following program was rendered at the Latin Section of the Central Ohio Teachers' Association, held in Columbus, Ohio, Friday and Saturday, November 10 and 11: "Impressions of the Classical Conference held at Columbia University, Summer 1916," Harriet R. Kirby, North High School, Columbus; "Acquisition of a Vocabulary in First-Year Latin Work," Marie Rottermann, Stivers High School, Dayton; "What Shall We Emphasize in Third-Year Latin?" Dr. A. W. Hodgman, Ohio State University; "Collateral Work in Virgil," Augusta Connolley, West High School, Columbus; "What Shall We Do to Stimulate a Desire for More Than Two Years of Latin?" Carrie B. Allen, Newark High School, Newark.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mr. Charles B. Sayre, North High School, Columbus, Ohio; Secretary, Miss Lulu Cumback, Springfield, Ohio.

Columbus.—The Columbus Latin Club held its fall meeting on the evening of Saturday, November 25, at the Hotel Chittenden. The speaker on that occasion was Professor Louis E. Lord of Oberlin College, who delivered an illustrated lecture on "Sicily." The lecture was preceded by a dinner, at which fifty persons were present. At the club's first meeting, November 24, 1909, there were twenty-seven present; thus it can be seen that it is still growing in interest. The officers are planning to give a Latin play at the May meeting.

West Virginia

Charleston High School.—In club work when all classes are represented in one organization, there is a lack of unity of interest and pride of ownership. Hence we have four organizations among the Latin classes. The following is the plan of the Freshman Club.

Each of the three classes elects two officers, a *dux* and a *rex* or *regina festivitatis*. The *dux* is business manager for his class in all meetings that the class holds separately. At the beginning of each month he appoints squad captains, *legati legionum*, and these choose their squads in class. A little of the club work carried over into the class period is wholesome. The three *reges* or *reginae festivitatis* work together as social managers.

These six officers elect an *imperator* who presides over the general monthly meetings. These seven officers hold business meetings also at which the *imperator* presides. All business conducted in these meetings must be ratified by the individual classes, before it goes into effect, and is presented to them by their individual *dux*. In business meetings the *imperator* appoints one of the seven to serve as secretary. Each class has an individual *scriba* who keeps a record of what is done by that class. This book is kept where all may consult it.

The remainder of the work is by the squad plan. These squad captains are appointed in class by the *dux* on the school day following the monthly meeting, unless for any reason the teacher postpones it. The captains choose their squads at once, with a keen eye to the ones who proved "dead-heads" the previous month. At the end of the month, the squad making the highest number of honors in club work is "treated" by the other squads.

Squad honors are counted as follow:

Any squad winning in a vocabulary contest counts.....	5
Any squad winning in a verb or declension contest counts.....	5
A walk (by not less than three squad members) for the first mile count.....	1
For each additional mile counts.....	2
(Squad members are called <i>pedites</i> .)	
Letters for club work or typewriting (by not less than three members) count....	5
A Latin play counts.....	10
An English play about Romans or of classical interest counts.....	10
A Latin song counts.....	8
A Latin poem counts.....	8
A picture about Romans or of classical interest, impersonated, counts.....	7
An original joke or story in Latin counts.....	5
An original number of any kind of classical interest counts.....	5
Squad attendance counts for each member present at monthly meeting.....	2

A teacher will always be surprised by the good material that the students present when they work in squads. Two little original plays, written in Latin, have been given at this school. One is the tragedy of Julius Caesar, *as it did not happen*, in which Calpurnia and Portia are the *deae ex machina*. The squad work of the club adds much to the zest for the regular classroom work.

General Comment

[Edited by Gilbert Campbell Scoggin, The University of Missouri.]

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for December Professor Gilbert Murray has an article discussing "Great Britain's Sea Policy."

The Board of Trustees of Syracuse University have decided that after the year 1920 the degree of A.B. alone shall be conferred by the college. The degree of B.S. shall be dropped, and henceforth Latin will be an optional subject even for entrance.

Progress at the new University of British Columbia has naturally been impeded by the war. Professor H. R. Fairclough, who visited Vancouver last spring, found about four hundred and fifty students enrolled. When the university was first opened, Professor Fairclough was offered a chair in classics there, but he was induced to remain at Stanford University.

A course of Lowell Lectures was delivered in October and November in Boston by Sir Edwin Pears, late president of the European Bar in Constantinople. The general subject was "The Byzantine Empire and the Turks." Among the topics treated were, "How Constantinople became the Capital of the Roman Empire," "Justinian, Road Builder and Law Maker," and "East and West in Religious Thought."

At the Anderson Galleries in New York on November 15 and 16 were dispersed the inscribed books from the library of James Carleton Young of Minneapolis. These books are the works of nineteenth-century authors only, but several will interest the classicist. Included are autographed volumes of Boissier, Ferrero, Andrew Lang, Mahaffy, Lanciani, Max Müller, De Nolhac, and George Rawlinson, to say nothing of Jack London and others.

Mr. Francis Warre Cornish, who had retired only last spring from the vice-provostship of Eton College, died in August. Born in 1839, he was educated first at Eton and then at King's College, Cambridge, where he was appointed to a fellowship. He prepared the translation of Catullus for the "Loeb Classical Library." Of his other books may be mentioned his life of *Jane Austen*, written for John Morley's series of "English Men of Letters," and *The History of the English Church in the Nineteenth Century*. He was the editor of a *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, based on that of Sir William Smith.

Recently there has been announced the establishment in England of a Greek prize by Lord Cromer. This prize, to be known as the Cromer Greek Prize, is of the value of £40, and shall be awarded annually "for the best essay on any subject connected with the language, history, art, literature, or philosophy of ancient Greece." In awarding the prize preference shall be given to those essays "which deal with the aspects of the Greek genius and civilization of large and permanent significance over those which are of a minute or highly technical character." The prize is open only to British subjects, and is to be administered by the British Academy.

Henryk Sienkiewicz died in Switzerland on November 15. He was born in Poland and his last days were given to aiding the stricken inhabitants of that unfortunate country. He was a graduate of the University of Warsaw, and while still a college student he had begun to write stories. The greatest of his historic novels are certainly those composing the trilogy, *Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*. His most widely known and popular story is *Quo Vadis*, which is familiar to all classical students. The works of this novelist were made accessible to the English-speaking world through the translations of the American polyglot, Jeremiah Curtain.

One could not expect such a man of action as was Napoleon to be able to give his days and nights to the reading of books. He was too busy making history to read much history. Yet when he was forced to retire from the French throne in 1814 and had withdrawn to his contracted realm at Elba, he constantly chafed under the want of books. Books were carried there for him and set up at Portoferraio, and this collection is described by Mr. Herbert Vivian in the *Library* for April, 1916. One would surmise that these books were of Napoleon's own choice, and they clearly show his limitations as a reader. With the exception of a few Italian books, all are in French. Among these last were included translations of Virgil, Nepos, and Caesar's *Commentaries*.

Book-lovers—and all humanists are lovers of books—will find an interesting "History of the New York Public Library" in the current issues of that library's bulletin, beginning with July. A short account is given of each of the separate foundations that go to make up the great library of today. First in time is the Astor collection, which early came under the charge of Joseph Green Cogswell, one of our early American students to attend a German university. From the beginning Greek and Latin books formed a fair, but not predominant, part of this library; and in 1854 there were 3,100 volumes of classical authors and commentaries. No special attempt was made to acquire rare editions, but rather those most approved. However, the dozen or so copies of Homer included the *princeps* of 1488, itself an ornament to any library. The author of this history, Mr. Harry Miller Lydenberg, makes interesting comments from time to time on the Greek and Latin manuscripts of the collection.

Book Reviews

Selections from Roman Historians. By L. R. DEAN and R. J. DEFERRARI. Boston: Allyn & Bacon, 1916. Pp. xii+259.

Livy has long held a secure place in the reading of the Freshman year. Time was when the instructor had to select either Books i and ii or Books xxi and xxii, if he would use an edition prepared for use in American colleges. Then followed an edition of *Selections from Livy*, which brought within the compass of one volume interesting material culled from all parts of Livy's work. And now an effort is being made further to liberalize and enrich the historical reading of the first college year by bringing under one cover a generous number of selections from Livy, along with important extracts from other writers of history and biography.

The volume now under discussion is made up on this plan, including, with Livy, selections from Nepos, Sallust, Suetonius, Tacitus, and Quintus Curtius. The passages chosen are not, of course, of equal interest. The *Jugurthine War* is an excellent piece of writing; but it is not likely that many Freshman classes will be deeply interested in it. On the other hand, the introduction of material from Nepos to supplement what Livy says of Hannibal is distinctly felicitous. The same is true of the selection from Suetonius; most students who read that author find the life of Julius most interesting of all, doubtless because it supplements so aptly what they already know of the conqueror of Gaul.

In this connection, the authors deserve praise for opening up the stores of intensely interesting material in Tacitus' *Histories* and in Quintus Curtius' narration of the exploits of Alexander the Great. It is unfortunate that the *Annals* have come so to overshadow the *Histories* of Tacitus in the college work; and Quintus Curtius' style is so easy and his story so diverting that one wonders that the schools, too, do not turn to this treasure-trove, especially at a time when there is so much agitation for a more liberal and diversified program of reading.

Both in school and in college, and in connection with the teaching of languages both ancient and modern, everyone concerned has long been aware of the grave problem presented by the widespread use of translations among the students. So far as Latin is concerned, a long step toward the correction of this evil is being taken in the movement to make a passing mark conditional upon the student's power to translate, in the examination, passages of Latin previously unseen. The volume of Messrs. Dean and Deferrari aims to co-operate in this matter by making the way of the transgressor hard.

Thus, the text is not divided into chapters, nor marked in any way that would help the student to locate a given passage. The very names of the Latin

authors are suppressed, and the text proceeds from one Latin author to another without comment of any kind. A person familiar with the literature will find his way about with little trouble, but for the "cavalry" the going would be exceedingly heavy. The publishers with justice stress this feature of the book, and announce their intention of publishing from time to time other texts of a similar order with which this may be rotated.

The present volume has short prefatory chapters on "The Translation of Latin" and "The Pronunciation of Latin Proper Names in English." Neither is comprehensive or specially important. The selections appended for sight reading are brief, but they seem to be well chosen to follow the text studied. In the notes the authors have given attention primarily to historical questions, while the linguistic commentary has been compressed into a narrow compass. This policy is frankly avowed in the preface; but its wisdom is certainly open to question.

From Sallust to Tacitus is a far cry; and, with a text that passes so abruptly from one author and period to another, one would naturally assume that generous attention ought to be given to matters of syntax and style. A case in point is p. 113, with the notes thereon. From the point of view of Freshmen, surely no one would call this passage from Suetonius easy; yet among the notes on that page there are only four that are designed to help in determining the meaning of the Latin. One of the four translates a Greek phrase. The other three are: *aversum*; "turned away," *sc. Caesarem*; *graphio = stilo*; *praeceptum*; *sc. est*.

How utterly inadequate such commentary is can be shown by citing a single sentence from the page in question: "ilicoque Cimber Tillius, qui primas partes susceperat, quasi aliquid rogaturus propius accessit renuentique et gestu in aliud tempus differenti ab utroque umero togam adprehendit; deinde clamantem: 'Ista quidem vis est!' alter e Cascis aversum vulnerat paulum infra iugulum." If *aversum* needs a note, what of *renuenti*, and various other words and phrases in this sentence?

It doubtless complicates matters in that the authors are dealing with extracts from several Latin writers, not all of whom have been edited with equal richness; but the cursory character of the commentary is, in part at least, a matter of deliberate choice. Whether the policy is a wise one or not actual classroom test will show. In any case the book is well worth a trial. It offers an infusion of new blood into work that is all too likely to become stagnated through lack of initiative.

H. C. N.

Latin Plays: For Student Performances and Reading. By JOHN J. SCHLICHER. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1916. Pp. vii+213.

This little volume, consisting of seven Latin plays of about twenty pages each, songs, notes, and vocabulary, is a valuable addition to material now available for dramatic performances and for rapid supplementary reading in

the early stages of Latin study. Two of the plays are closely connected with Caesar, two with Cicero, one with Vergil, and one with Ovid; and the vocabulary is so well chosen and the syntax, in general, so simple that the reading will interest and encourage young students of average ability.

The plays seem better adapted to reading than to acting. They are a little too long for most schools to undertake, and the third, *Exitus Helvetiorum*, and the fourth, *Cicero Candidatus*, have little dramatic action and little plot. The second, *Tirones*, is the weakest and will be found unsuitable by many because of its sentimental character—a side of human nature which needs no stimulus among boys and girls. The four remaining plays, *Saccus Malorum*, *Coniuratio*, *Dido*, and *Andromeda*, have much to commend them. Especially happy in the *Dido* is the introduction of passages from the *Aeneid*, and in the *Andromeda* the singing of Catullus' "Ode to Hymen" at the wedding of Perseus. It would be well, in a subsequent edition, to indicate, in the lists of characters, the pronunciation of the proper names; to give to each of the last four plays an introductory note explaining the attendant circumstances and the impending action; to make the notes somewhat fuller; and to add the accompaniment to the Latin songs. The first two songs are not attractive, and more pleasing airs could easily be found.

As regards Latinity, Professor Schlicher has done, on the whole, an excellent piece of work. His task was a difficult one and I do not wish my criticisms to be understood as destructive of the value of the book as a whole. I have noted some sentences that seemed to me infelicitous in structure or wrong in emphasis. There is often an unnecessary separation between the definitive relative and its antecedent, as in *canem misit qui mordere paratus est* (p. 16). So many sentences begin with forms of *sum* that it might almost be called a habit. This often leads to obscurity or false emphasis. Sometimes prepositional phrases are used as modifiers of nouns: as, *saccum cum malis* (p. 17), *via ad castra* (p. 62), *quattuor cum gladiis* (p. 118), *virgines cum coronis* (p. 116). Connecting words are sometimes not placed first: as, *durius est hoc ferre* (p. 161) for *hoc ferre est durius*. The vocative case stands first much oftener than seems desirable (cf. pp. 21, 71, etc.). The word *igitur*, regularly post-positive in Ciceronian writers, frequently stands first (cf. pp. 30, 105, 131, etc.). The present subjunctive in a prohibition, common in early Latin, is too rare in classic Latin to warrant the author's frequent use of it (cf. pp. 42, 109, 110, etc.). I would suggest, too, the advisability of using *ancilla* for *serva*, and *mulier* for *femina*. Possibly, too, *litterae* should be used for *epistula*, since the former occurs regularly in Cicero's orations. Some departures from idiom may be due to a desire for simplicity: as, *hic sumus* (p. 5) for *ecce nos*, but I question *in hoc proposito bibamus* (p. 107).

Points involving mainly sense or syntax are the following: The *personae* of the *Saccus Malorum* include "Three Roman boys, brothers and cousins," "Four Roman girls, their sisters," "*Mater*, mother and aunt of the boys and

girls," "Pater, father and uncle of the same." I confess that up to date I have not been able to unravel these complex relationships. Possibly they will prove almost as puzzling to pupils of the ninth grade. *Dic quid agamus* (p. 3) might better be *Dic quid acturi simus* (cf. *facturi sint*, p. 6). Likewise *agatis* (p. 5) might better be changed. Why not *adlata erunt* (p. 24) instead of *adlata sint*? Should not *desinis* (p. 31) be in a past tense? Instead of *videatur* (p. 35) I suggest *cerni possit*. Referring to the contents of a letter, *quid velit* is better than *quid in ea sit* (p. 40). The bare ablative after *gaudeo* is much more usual than *gaudeas de* (p. 54). I should change *Nonne vides ut* (p. 58) to *Nonne vides quam* to remove a pitfall from the beginner's path. *Vaccam* (p. 59), occurring twice, should be changed to the plural to avoid an absurdity. Why is *oporteat* (p. 63) in the subjunctive? For *adventurum* (p. 83), Caesar would say *perventurum*. *Coniunctos* (p. 89) would better be *coniuncta* (cf. Livy v. 4, *labor voluptasque iuncta sunt*). The expression *Caveas velim ut* (p. 101) is awkward and difficult. Questionable irregularity of tense sequence occurs in *capere* (p. 107), *sit* (p. 141, last line), *sederit* (p. 112). The sentence *qui cum bonis contendebant quis ex ipsis imperium haberet* is neither clear nor idiomatic. On p. 113, in the list of verbs ending with *taedet atque miseret*, the conjunction is better omitted, and the same is true of *et* in the enumeration closing with *socii et comites* (p. 113). *Urbe* (p. 122) would be *ex urbe*, as a rule, after *eicere*. *Iam* seems to be used for *nunc* in *iam exclusa sum* (p. 127). In *utrum ex his duobus* (p. 128), why is *duobus* expressed? On p. 163 it seems to me that the thought intended in *si ipsi adveniunt*, etc., would be much better expressed by a general condition, *ipsi cum advenerunt*, etc. I would surely change *nisi ut homines inrideant* (p. 168) to *nisi quod homines inrident*.

There are very few typographical errors. I have noted only the following: "as he left" (p. 21) is, perhaps, for "on the left"; *gaudebe* (p. 54) for *gaudebo*. *nihil posse* (p. 62) seems to be for *nihil facere posse*; *Cephæus* (p. 150) for *Cepheus*.

My own interest in this book is shown by the fact that I have ordered a supply for use in the classroom and in the Latin club. The vitalizing of Latin along sane and safe lines is the crying need of the hour and Professor Schlicher has rendered progressive teachers of Latin a distinct service by this contribution.

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